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"ALL PARTS OF THE NATION MUST PULL TOGETHER": THE PRINCE OF WALES.

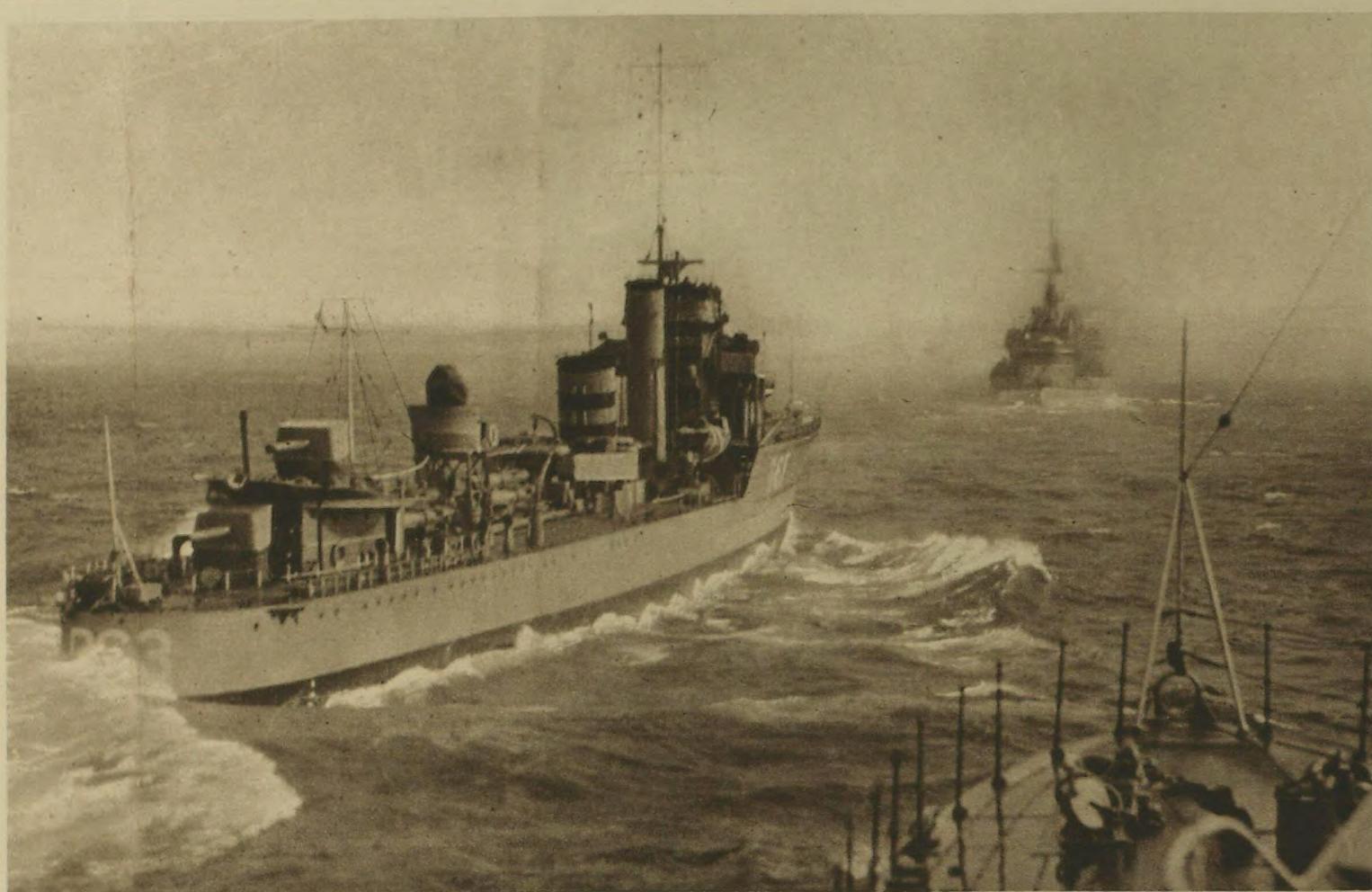
The Prince of Wales landed at Portsmouth, on his return from his great tour, on October 11. In replying to an address presented by the Mayor, he said: "I return most deeply touched and impressed by the unity and strength of sentiment which bind all parts of his Majesty's Dominions to the Crown and make the

future of the British Empire secure." Of home affairs he said: "We are still only at the beginning of the labours necessary to restore our credit and prosperity after the prolonged strain of war. I am deeply interested in our problems of reconstruction, which all parts of the nation must pull together to solve."

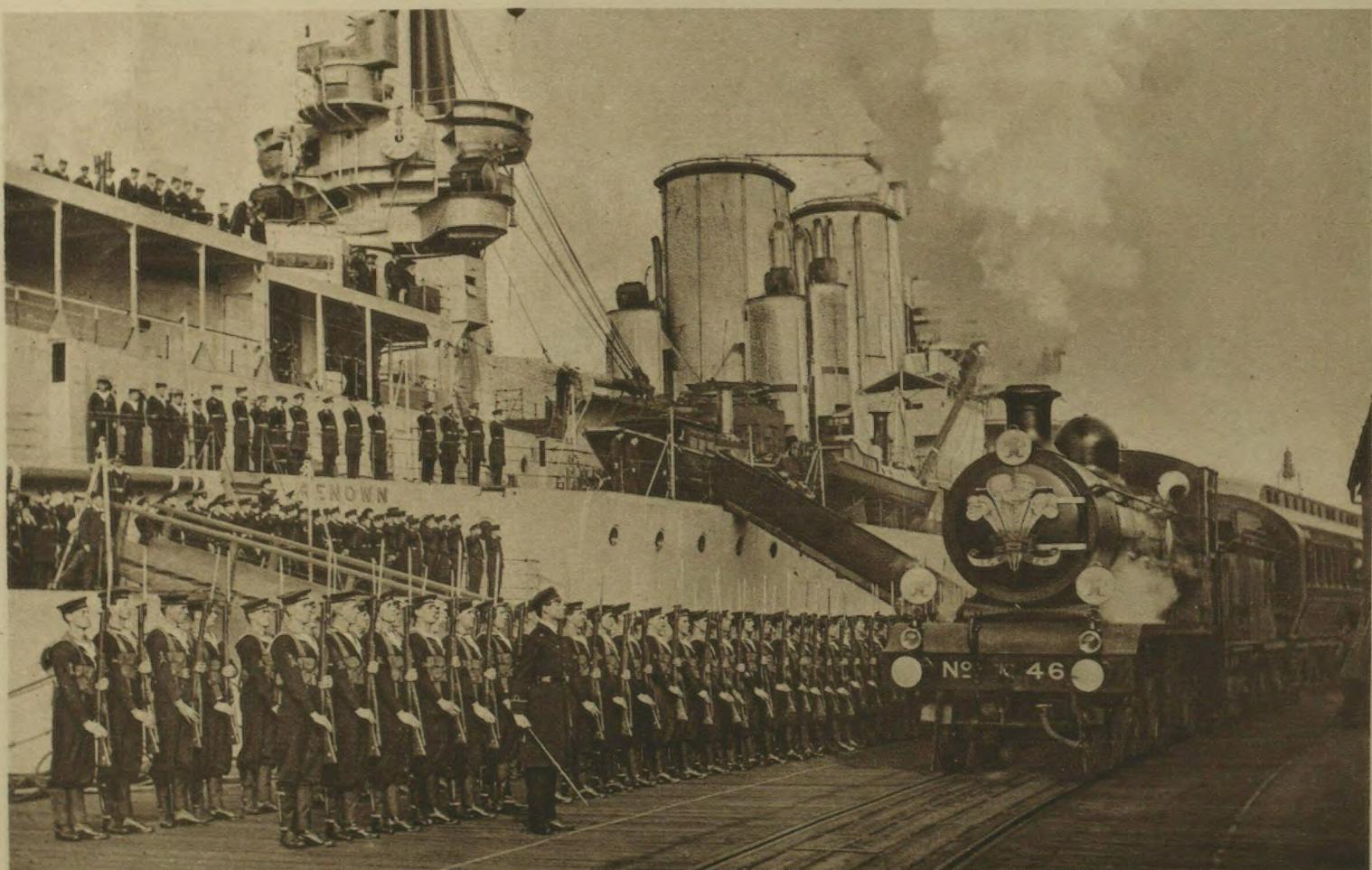
PHOTOGRAPH BY VANDYK.

THE PRINCE'S HOMECOMING: THE NAVY'S WELCOME TO PORTSMOUTH.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFIERI AND TOPICAL.



"THE DESTROYERS OF THE THIRD FLOTILLA WELCOME YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS TO HOME WATERS":
THE "RENNOWN" ESCORTED UP THE CHANNEL TO SPITHEAD.



WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES'S FEATHERS ON THE FRONT OF THE ENGINE: THE ROYAL TRAIN (ALONGSIDE THE "RENNOWN") LEAVING THE SOUTH RAILWAY JETTY AT PORTSMOUTH—THE GUARD OF HONOUR SALUTING.

The Prince of Wales arrived at Spithead in the "Renown," on his return from his overseas tour, on the evening of October 10. As a mark of the Navy's appreciation of his great services to the Empire, the "Renown" was escorted up the Channel by the Third Flotilla of the Atlantic Fleet, led by Captain Buller, in the "Campbell," who signalled: "The destroyers of the Third Flotilla who have the honour of being your escort humbly beg to welcome your Royal Highness to home waters from your wonderful tour." The Prince replied: "Captains, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is very grateful for the signal

of welcome from the destroyers of his escort." It is worthy of record that throughout the long tour the "Renown" kept time with splendid punctuality, even on occasions when she encountered heavy gales in the Australasian seas. After her arrival at Spithead the Duke of York and Prince Henry went aboard to greet their brother. Next morning the "Renown" left her anchorage at Spithead and moved up harbour to Portsmouth, where a special train was on the jetty. After bidding farewell to the ship's company, the Prince of Wales landed and received a civic welcome from the Mayor of Portsmouth.

THE PRINCE'S HOMECOMING: RAILSIDE GREETINGS; THE KING AND QUEEN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B.



SPONTANEOUS GREETINGS DURING THE RAILWAY JOURNEY FROM PORTSMOUTH TO LONDON: A TYPICAL GROUP BESIDE THE LINE WAVING A WELCOME TO THE PRINCE OF WALES AS HIS TRAIN PASSED.



"WE HAVE FOLLOWED WITH PRIDE AND ADMIRATION THE TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS OF HIS MISSION": THE KING AND QUEEN WITH THEIR ELDEST SON JUST AFTER GREETING HIM ON THE ARRIVAL OF HIS TRAIN AT VICTORIA STATION.

All along the route from Portsmouth to London the Prince received an ovation of welcome. Every station was crowded with cheering people as the train passed, and groups gathered beside the line at many out-of-the-way places to wave as it went by. At Victoria the King and Queen entered the Royal Saloon to greet their son. In our photograph, taken a few moments later, are seen, from left to right in front, the King, Queen Alexandra, the Queen, and the Prince of Wales, behind whom is the Duke of Connaught. Princess Mary and Princess Victoria were also present. On the right are seen Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Bonar Law.

Their Majesties' feelings on the occasion are expressed in the King's message to Overseas Dominions and Colonies visited by the Prince, in which he said: "These warm-hearted, spontaneous manifestations of regard for our eldest son have deeply touched the Queen and me. We have followed with pride and admiration, the triumphant success of his Mission, and all the more so when we recognise that these happy results are chiefly due to his own personality, to the buoyant and genial spirit in which he has played his part, to his sense of duty, and to the unstinting manner in which he has given of his best."

"I AM DEEPLY TOUCHED BY THE WONDERFUL WELCOME

PHOTOGRAPH



THE EMPIRE'S CAPITAL GREETS THE "AMBASSADOR OF EMPIRE" ON HIS RETURN: THE

London gave a mighty welcome to the Prince of Wales when he returned, on October 11, from his great Australasian tour; for, like the King and Queen, the nation at home has watched "with pride and admiration its triumphant success." After being greeted by their Majesties at Victoria, the Prince drove in an open carriage to Buckingham Palace, by a roundabout way—through Victoria Street, Whitehall, Trafalgar Square, Pall Mall, St. James's Street, Piccadilly, and Constitution Hill—so that the people might have an opportunity of acclaiming him. They did so with no uncertain voice, and hearty cheers resounded all the way from the great crowds gathered along the route. In the afternoon the Prince came out on to the balcony of the Palace and spoke a few words of thanks. "I am very glad," he said, "to be back in the Old Country after my long absence,

GIVEN ME IN LONDON": THE PRINCE'S HOME-COMING.

BY C.N.



PRINCE OF WALES IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE ON HIS WAY TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

and I am deeply touched by the wonderful welcome which has been given to me in London to-day, for which welcome I am very grateful indeed." Later, he made a similar speech from the windows of his own residence, York House. Replying to a telegram from the Lord Mayor, he said: "Please express my sincere thanks to the citizens of London for their message which you have sent me on their behalf on the day of my return from my wonderful tour overseas, and tell them how much I appreciate their congratulations. I am naturally delighted to be back in London, and the welcome which I received in the streets to-day touched me more than I can say." The Prince has been away seven months, during which he has visited New Zealand, Australia, Barbados, British Guiana, Fiji, Trinidad, Leeward Islands, Windward Islands, and Bermuda.



BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT was in these columns that I recently noted the news of the alleged death of Queen Anne. I have since come to the conclusion that the death of Queen Anne, like the death of Mark Twain, was much exaggerated. The issues of that time, at least, are by no means so dead as some seem to suppose. They seem remote and irrelevant because we have only heard the case for the conquering party, and have got rather tired of that. But there is more to tell of the other side than is generally told, even in the most intelligent quarters. I see that Dr. Harry Roberts has written in a weekly paper an appreciation, or rather (as I should say) an undue depreciation of Bolingbroke, the man who nearly restored the Stuarts. In the tradition of Macaulay, who dismissed him as a brilliant knave, Dr. Roberts dismisses him as a young rake-hell. He writes in *John o' London's Weekly*, a paper which explores many interesting corners; but I think this corner might be explored further. You may call Bolingbroke a rake, as you may call Fox a gambler. But most of us know that Fox was something else as well. We know it because we are still in the glow of the sunrise of the French Revolution; whereas Bolingbroke was the last gleam of the sunset of mediæval monarchy. But the sunrise and the sunset had, much more than we fancy, the same tinge of red. There is more kinship than many imagine between the Jacobite and the Jacobin.

The injustice done to men like Bolingbroke consists in this: that while in most cases we appreciate the fact that a man does not live up to his ideal, in this case we do not even appreciate the ideal. Because we cannot sympathise with the cause for which he fought, we tend even to forget how sincerely he fought for it. And this view is generally determined by the mere accident of whether we are familiar with that cause. If we say that a man, with all his faults, was a fine fighting Radical, we may have a movement of sympathetic understanding, especially if we are ourselves Radicals. But if we are told, as in the ordinary histories, that a man committed many crimes and fought hard for the Guelph or Ghibelline faction, it does not particularly occur to us to put his public services against his private eccentricities. Yet the struggle between the parties of the Pope and the Emperor, in the earlier Middle Ages at least, was really a much more human and historic quarrel than the modern Party System. The difference is that we know enough about it to be able to imagine an ideal Radical, even when we are not very fond of the real Radical. Whereas many of us have perhaps a rather hazy idea of a perfectly satisfactory Ghibelline. We know something of the civic and liberal ideals by which the Radical is trying to live, or is supposed to be trying to live. We hardly know enough about the ideals of the mediæval Italian to be certain whether they were ideals at all. It would be the same, of course, with any religious sects. If we were told that a man was a convinced Primitive Methodist, we should know the sort of conviction and to some extent the sort of character. But this would not be true of the Primitive Church. If a gentleman of Byzantium were recommended to us as an earnest and conscientious Eutychian, he might be a little too primitive to be present

vividly to the imagination. We fail to catch fire when told that somebody was quite serious in his Sabellianism, or that he had had a strictly Circoncillian training. Compared with these a Plymouth Brother is really a brother, and a Quaker is really a friend.

Now the whole point of view of so great an Englishman as Bolingbroke was for a long time quite invisible to the great majority of Englishmen. It had gone out of sight with the twisting of the road, like the positions of all those primeval heresies. It cannot be recalled by any of the cant terms which linger out of that time to our own. Bolingbroke was a Tory; but his position

realised that Hume agreed with Bolingbroke in defending the Stuarts. Indeed, if we made a list of those who did defend the Stuarts, it would contain some of the strongest and most striking personalities among the very types of sect or section who are thought of as the enemies of the Stuarts. It would contain William Penn, the greatest of Quakers, and Samuel Johnson, the greatest of Anglicans. In the same way it contained David Hume, described by Huxley himself as the prince of agnostics. And incidentally it contained Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke, a man who did not attempt to hide his infidelity, and who could not possibly hide his intelligence. It contained many other great men whose fault certainly was not superstition or sentimentalism. When we remember that Bolingbroke had the sympathy and respect of Swift, we may be certain he was not a mere man-about-town making a fool of himself by introducing a fashion of white cockades. It is therefore quite an inadequate definition of these Rationalistic Royalists to call them Jacobites, or even Tories. They were entirely practical politicians; for they possessed that one thing which is absolutely essential to any practical politics, an abstract philosophy.

That philosophy can be summed up in one sentence by Bolingbroke himself: "The Parliament is the Parliament of a class; the King is the King of the whole people." He believed. I am tempted to say he knew, that there is something in Parliaments that seems to tend to snobbishness and corruption, and the secret power of plutocrats. A man may even concede that he was right in this, without necessarily taking the next step; that of saying that the only way of getting justice to the poor is to make the ruler powerful enough to be independent of the rich. But this brings me to my only reason for devoting space to what may seem a detail in the dusty chronicle of lost causes. The cause of Bolingbroke was a lost cause in England in the eighteenth century; it is by no means merely a lost cause in Europe in the twentieth century. Even if we do not care to know about our great fathers who are dead, it will be necessary to know about our great foreign friends or rivals who are very much alive. Perhaps the sort of thing which is most alive in modern France, for instance, is a paper like *L'Action Française*. You may detest it as reactionary; but you cannot dismiss it as merely romantic. In the spirit of that paper the spirit of Bolingbroke is again walking the earth. It is the

Royalist who is also the Rationalist. You cannot represent him as merely weeping over the white flag of the Bourbons, as others over the white rose of the Stuarts. He is not so much weeping over the Monarchy as laughing fiercely and even savagely at the Republic. I do not mean that I agree with him in this; if I were a Frenchman, I think patriotism would always make me a Republican, if only because of the great military epic of the Revolution. I only point out that the Rationalistic Royalism of *L'Action Française* is a thing quite vital and challenging, and not to be explained away as a sentimental memory of the Monarchy. To put the truth more shortly, Queen Anne is dead, but Bolingbroke is alive.



A DESCENDANT OF JAMES II. MARRIED AT THE SPANISH EMBASSY: THE DUKE OF ALBA AND BERWICK WITH HIS BRIDE, THE MARQUESA SAN VICENTE DEL BARCO. The wedding of the Duke of Alba and Berwick and the Marquesa San Vicente del Barco took place at the Spanish Embassy on October 7. Cardinal Bourne officiated. The King and Queen of Spain were represented by the Duke of Hijar and Mme. Merry del Val, wife of the Spanish Ambassador, and many other distinguished guests, Spanish and British, were present. The first Duke of Berwick, a famous soldier and Marshal of France, was a son of James II. The present holder of the title (the bridegroom) is the tenth Duke of Berwick, and the seventeenth Duke of Alba. He bears the name of Stuart-Fitzjames. The bride is the daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Aliaja. The wedding was strictly private, owing to the death of the Empress Eugénie, who was a grand-aunt of the bridegroom.

Photograph by Bassano.

was not in the least what we call Toryism. He was a Jacobite; but his view does not remotely resemble what we generally mean by Jacobitism. It was not especially romantic; on the contrary, it was strictly rationalistic. It is too often forgotten that there was a school of Rationalistic Royalists, as can be seen in Hobbes and even in Hume. Bolingbroke was not a High Churchman worshipping the relics of the Royal Martyr; he was not a convert of James and the Jesuits kneeling for the blessing of Father Petre. He was a Deist of the kind that was called an infidel; a typical eighteenth-century sceptic of the coolest and most secular sort. It is more or less understood that Bolingbroke agreed with Hume in denying the Scriptures. But it is not so fully

A Disaster in which Forty-five People were Killed: The Railway Accident near Paris.

WITH WRECKED CARRIAGES PILED ONE UPON ANOTHER: THE SCENE AT HOUILLES STATION AFTER THE TERRIBLE COLLISION ON OCTOBER 9.

A terrible disaster occurred at Houilles station, about ten miles from Paris, shortly after 7 o'clock on the evening of Saturday, October 9. A passenger train from the Gare St. Lazare, bound for Maisons Laffitte and Mantes, crashed into some trucks which had just overturned, before the driver had time to pull up. The engine fell on its side, and a van and the two front carriages, packed with passengers, were smashed to fragments, while the third carriage mounted the roof

of the second. Forty-five people were killed and about seventy injured. One carriage was hurled against a signal-box, killing the signalman. Ambulances and firemen arrived, and the rescue work was done by the light of torches and acetylene lamps. The overturned trucks which caused the accident had become uncoupled at the rear of a goods train on the up line, and, running down an incline, collided with it and fell over.—[PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY THE "DAILY MAIL."]

A Symbol of Two Nations' Friendship: Belgium's Tribute of Gratitude to Britain.

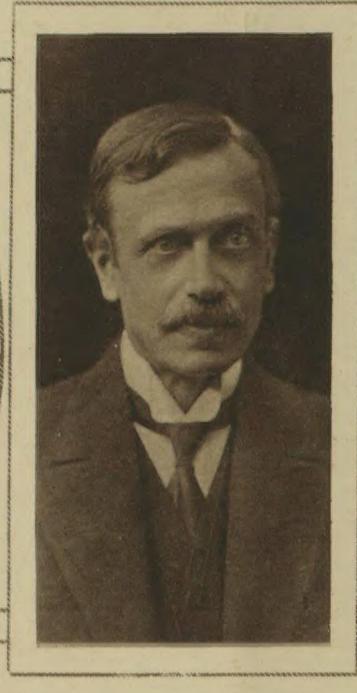
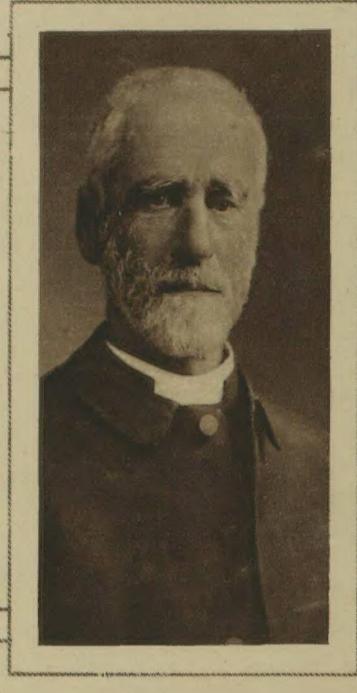
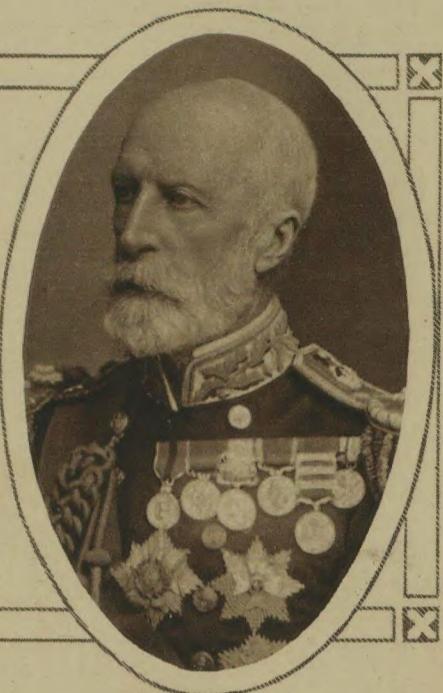
ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF NURSE CAVELL'S MARTYRDOM: PRINCESS CLEMENTINE UNVEILING THE BELGIAN MEMORIAL ON THE EMBANKMENT.

On October 12, the fifth anniversary of the shooting of Nurse Cavell by the Germans in Brussels, Princess Clementine of Belgium (Princess Napoleon) unveiled on the Embankment the memorial erected by Belgian war refugees as a tribute of gratitude to the British nation. The presentation was made by the Premier of Belgium, M. Delacroix, who said: "This monument will recall to future generations how the British Empire entered the Great War to stand by Belgium

in her hour of need; it will remind them how our populations, fleeing before the cruel invader, found refuge in Great Britain; it will be for ever the symbol of a friendship which, begun in days of sorrow, will continue till the end of time." Princess Clementine is seen towards the right in the photograph, and nearer the monument is Lord Curzon, who accepted it on behalf of this country. It is the work of M. Victor Rousseau, the Belgian sculptor.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPICAL.]

MEN AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK: MEMORIES AND PORTRAITS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, RUSSELL, ELLIOTT AND FRY, MORANO-PISCULLI, L.N.A., AND SWAINE.

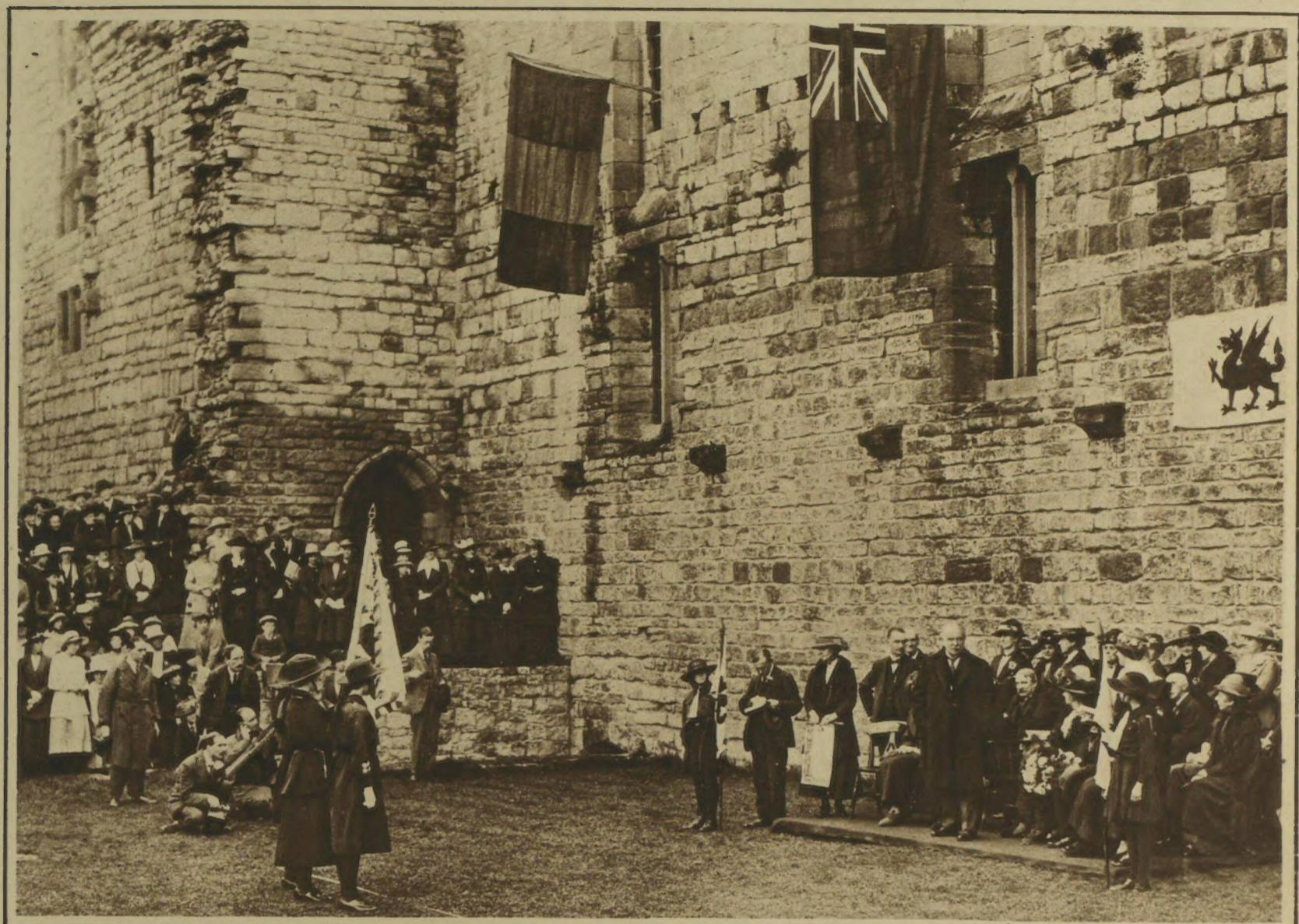
THE MAKER OF FRENCH MOROCCO:
CREATED A MARSHAL OF FRANCE:
GENERAL LYAUTHEY.EX-PERMANENT SECRETARY OF
THE MINISTRY OF MUNITIONS:
SIR W. GRAHAM GREENE.AUTHOR OF "HOW TO BE
HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED":
THE LATE REV. E. J. HARDY.FORMERLY VICE-ADMIRAL OF THE
UNITED KINGDOM: THE LATE ADMIRAL
SIR MICHAEL CULME-SEYMOUR, BT.CELEBRATING AN EVENT WITH WHICH THIS PAPER DID MUCH TO EVOKE
SYMPATHY: OLD GARIBALDIANS AT THE JUBILEE OF ITALIAN UNITY.NEAR THE PORTA PIA, THROUGH WHICH ITALIAN TROOPS ENTERED ROME
ON SEPT. 20, 1870: AN OLD GARIBALDIAN OFFICER RECALLING GREAT DAYS.A COALITION VICTORY AT ILFORD:
MR. FREDERIC WISE, M.P."A GIFT FROM MEN OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER TO A BORDER SCOT": THE
BORDER PENNON PRESENTED TO EARL HAIG AT ST. BOSWELL'S GREEN.GONE TO HIS INDIAN COMMAND:
GENERAL SIR WILLIAM BIRDWOOD.

It was reported on October 9 that General Hubert Lyautey, Resident-General of Morocco, had been created a Marshal of France in recognition of his great services. He has held his post in Morocco since 1912, except for a few months of 1916-17, when he was French Minister of War.—Sir W. Graham Greene, who has retired, became Permanent Secretary to the Ministry of Munitions in 1917.—The late Rev. E. J. Hardy, author of "How to be Happy Though Married," was for 30 years a Chaplain to the Forces.—Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, Bt., died on October 11, aged 84. He served in the Burmese War (1850), the Crimea, and the second China War. He became an Admiral in 1893, and retired in 1901.—On September 20 Italians celebrated the fiftieth

anniversary of the establishment of Italian unity under the House of Savoy. "The Illustrated London News" can recall with pride that it was the means of creating widespread British interest in that memorable event.—Mr. Frederic Wise, Coalition Unionist, was returned with the large majority of 9035 in the recent bye-election at Ilford.—Earl Haig was presented on October 9, at St. Boswell's Green, Roxburghshire, with a Border pennon subscribed for by men and women of the Scottish Borderland. It is 11 ft. long, and borne on a mahogany lance.—General Birdwood left London on October 8 for India to assume command of the Northern Army in place of General Barrett.

THE PREMIER'S FIGHTING SPEECH ON IRELAND: AT CARNARVON.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.



OUTSIDE THE HISTORIC CASTLE OF WHICH HE HOLDS THE OFFICE OF CONSTABLE: MR. LLOYD GEORGE, AT CARNARVON, PRESENTED WITH THE WELSH NATIONAL FLAG AND AN ILLUMINATED ADDRESS.



"IT IS ESSENTIAL, IN THE INTERESTS OF IRELAND, THAT THAT GANG SHOULD BE BROKEN UP, AND, UNLESS I AM MISTAKEN, WE SHALL DO IT": MR. LLOYD GEORGE SPEAKING IN THE COUNTY HALL, CARNARVON.

Mr. Lloyd George took the occasion of his visit to Carnarvon, where on October 9 he was presented in the Castle grounds with the Welsh national flag and an address by the Women Citizens' Union of Carnarvon, to make an important pronouncement of the Government's policy in Ireland. "During the last year," he said, "283 policemen have been shot in Ireland, 109 of them shot dead. Something like 100 soldiers have been shot, many more have been fired at. . . . While these murders were going on I never read or heard a word of protest from Sinn Feiners in Ireland. . . . The defence put forward for these murders

is that there is a state of war. If it is a war, it is a war on both sides. You cannot have a one-sided war. . . . Are the police in Ireland to stand to be shot down like dogs in the street without any attempt at defending themselves?" Dealing with the question how the condition of Ireland is to be improved, the Premier said: "You cannot permit . . . complete anarchy, where a small body of assassins, a real murder gang, are dominating the country and terrorising it. . . . It is essential, in the interests of Ireland, that that gang should be broken up, and, unless I am mistaken, we shall do it."

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

"*D e mortuis nil nisi bonum*" is an excellent motto, but there should be a short time-limit to its application. I

and nine out of ten omnivorous readers, are weary to death of the huge biographies which suppress any criticism of their subjects as rigorously as the long-winded epitaphs in Ciceronian Latin or Johnsonian English (it comes to the same thing) on eighteenth-century cenotaphs. "*HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE: SOME MEMORIES COLLECTED BY MAX BEERBOHM*" (Hutchinson; 21s. net) is as ponderous as any of the libellous panegyrics one used to see in pre-war days before we had been taught to see popular personalities in the just perspective of reality. The book is a case of all flowers by request—and paper flowers at that! Indeed, the only part of it I can read without a slight feeling of nausea at the slopping-over of sentimentality is Mr. Max Beerbohm's own little tribute of fraternal whimsicality. He dwells upon his brother's vast zest in living (theatrically, be it understood—he had no life outside the theatre!), and that crowd-compelling radio-activity expressed in his answer to an inquiry



JOINT AUTHOR (WITH HIS WIFE) OF A NUMBER OF POPULAR NOVELS: THE LATE MR. C. N. WILLIAMSON. Mr. Charles Norris Williamson, who died at Bath on October 3, collaborated with his wife, Mrs. A. M. Williamson, in many popular novels, including "My Friend the Chauffeur," "The Botor Chaperon," and "Crucifix Corner." He was born at Exeter in 1857.—[Photograph by Elliott and Fry.]

how he was—"Oh, I'm radiant!" He had the irrepressibility of Micawber, and that was why every human person rejoiced in him as a human being. But as an actor—that is another pair of buskins altogether

Some admired his acting, and others did not—for very reasonable reasons! This volume will die a speedy death, now that it has performed the functions of a "news-book" for busy journalists, because no criticism of his methods has been admitted. From first to last he was a showman, and his idea of any and every play was that it should be a one-man show. It is absurd to describe him as Henry Irving's successor, for he did everything in his power (fortunately, in vain) to undo the good work of that great interpreter of dramatic heirlooms. Irving tried to understand a part, to fix its actions and reactions with regard to those of the other characters in the play; and he almost always succeeded in inventing an interpretation which appealed to one's intelligence and power of emotion alike. But Beerbohm Tree cared nothing for a play as a play, seeing in it merely an opportunity for expanding his own talent. He was so eager in the assimilation of "fat" that neither the dramatist's intentions nor the duty he owed to the other players could prevent him from swelling into a kind of stage-monopolising Falstaff. Shakespeare has satirised all such stage monopolists in the all-engrossing Bottom. Moreover, Tree loaded the stage with meaningless and exotic pageantry, in the

midst of which, having enveloped himself in an armour of "business" collected from every age and clime, he floundered gloriously and drank all the limelight. The man was so lovable in himself, and his showmanship was so portentous and amazing in its egotism, that it is too easy to forget that he, as actor, was as great an enemy to the progress of English drama as Clement Scott, *quād* critic, was in the era preceding. *Sit terra levius*, none the less.

It is like leaving some private chapel-of-ease, full of the heavy odours of incense and memorial wreaths, and going out into the clear, clean, cool October airs, to take up "*OUR FAMILY AFFAIRS, 1867-96*" (Cassell: 16s. net), in which Mr. E. F. Benson chronicles the works and days of his father and mother and brothers and sisters. He gives us, in the first place, a fine character of his father, the great man whose burning zeal not only created the Bishopric of Truro, but also made the Archbishopric of Canterbury almost an Anglican Papacy. What a conflagration of a man he was, to be sure! His day of rest, in which "there were no shoals of relaxation emerging from the roaring devotional flood," left his children utterly exhausted, but was for him a joyous and healing change of pre-occupation—for then he could forget his blazing love of man in the abstract and give heed to his own soul, declining from a Moses in the gap to a St. Thomas à Kempis in his cell. Not less fascinating is Mr. E. F. Benson's portrait of his mother, who is adorable at every turn, whether attired in many-glittering raiment as the Fairy Abracadabra dispensing toys to her children at Christmastide, or saying, when his Grace was out, "We won't have prayers to-night for a treat," or outrunning her boys at the age of forty in their piratical pastimes at home, or buying a host of tin soldiers to have a little war for her own delectation, or subscribing herself as "Your own child and fellow-mother" in a letter to the ancient devoted nurse she had inherited from her mother, or so charming Gladstone that he described her as the "cleverest woman in Europe." The descriptions of childhood and boyhood are entrancing, and we also assist respectfully, regretfully, at the birth of Dodo.

"*CONTEMPORARY PORTRAITS*" (Fisher Unwin; 18s. net), by Sir Algernon West, is concerned with the benevolent despots, almost all highly distinguished Civil Servants and personal friends of the author, who governed England and the Empire in the Victorian and Edwardian eras. These men for the most part had more of the reality of power than the average Cabinet Minister, of whom one of them sagaciously observed: "You never get more out of a political head than we put into him." Years ago, when the Imperial Conference was in session, I was at a little luncheon party given by the late Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and a witty woman guest—I think it was Lady Warwick—twitted him with the fact that Canada had been left to govern herself, all the chief members of the Cabinet and also the Governor-General being in London. His smiling reply was that the part played by himself and his Cabinet in "running" the Great Dominion was greatly over-estimated. "We politicians," he confessed, "are responsible for about five per cent. of the business of administration, and administration itself is not five per cent. of the business of controlling Canada's destinies." Probably this statistical epigram is equally true of the Mother Country—nay, more: as what is generally called our "bureaucracy" increases in numerical strength and multifarious authority (are we not inspected and controlled in almost every act of day-by-day existence?) it will, perhaps, be necessary to cut down the percentages of comparison. And if that be so, then it is vital to the prosperity of our Commonwealth that the real authorities behind each Ministerial figurehead should have the wide and exact knowledge, the fine traditions, the intellectual sympathies, and the high sense of honour which inspired the originals of Sir Algernon West's discreet character-sketches.

Truth to tell, this portrait-painter is discreet almost to a fault; we should sometimes welcome a spice of Pepys, a dash of Mrs. Asquith. Sir Algernon gives us no piquant personalities, neither does he throw any new light even on the large political issues with which he himself has been intimately concerned. But he contrives to suggest the momentous nature of the work his subjects were engaged in, and of the peculiar qualities each brought to the fulfilment of his interminable task—himself paying the penalty for failures, while politicians in the glare of publicity reaped the honour and glory of success. The book abounds

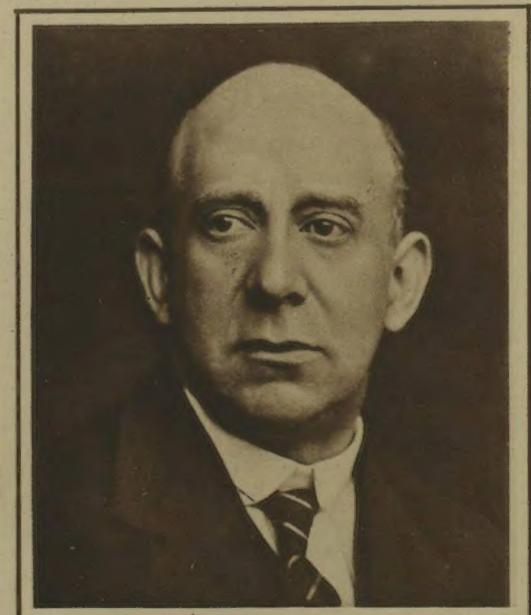
in new true anecdotes. There is a quotable example concerning Matthew Arnold when he was an Inspector of Schools. There was a Treasury law that, when an Inspector's work at any particular place took more than one day, he should stay there instead of travelling there and back each day. Arnold broke this rule when engaged for several days at Edmonton, and, being asked for an explanation, replied: "How could you expect me to stay at Edmonton when John Gilpin



A NOVELIST OF THE FRONT RANK: MR. HUGH WALPOLE, WHOSE NEW BOOK, "THE CAPTIVES" (MACMILLAN), DEALS WITH RELIGION.

Mr. Hugh Walpole's new novel is a powerful study of religion as practised by the "Kingscote Brethren," frequenters of a little chapel in London. The "captives" are two members of the sect, a man and a woman.—[Photograph by Russell.]

couldn't." Another good story used to be told with great gusto by Lord Welby. A railwayman on duty at a level-crossing was ordered to open his gate by an Equerry of the ex-Kaiser. He refused point-blank. "Kaiser don't have no power over me," he explained; "I'm a South-Western signalman." And, to make a final selection, Sir Robert Meade, when Under-Secretary for the Colonies, was shocked at the way public executions were carried out at Malta, and sent for Marwood, the hangman, to suggest improvements. Marwood was enthusiastic in his virtuosity (he was a brother-in-art of the Spanish Court torturer who made silver thumb-screws for victims of the blood royal), and advocated the "long drop" with poetic eloquence. "Why," he said, "Mr. Peace was a little man, and I gave him the 'long drop' and 'e passed hoff like a summer's eve.' Altogether, this is a delightful book, with the odour of pot-pourri of (diplomatic) rose-leaves about its discreetly rustling pages.



A WELL-KNOWN LONDON PUBLISHER OF COSMOPOLITAN INTERESTS: THE LATE MR. WILLIAM HEINEMANN.

Mr. William Heinemann, who died suddenly on October 5, started his publishing business in Bedford Street in 1890, and conducted it successfully for 30 years. He did much to introduce foreign authors to English readers. He was born at Surbiton in 1863.—[Photograph by Beresford.]

OCCUPANT OF THE CHAIR OF ST. PETER: THE 259th ROMAN PONTIFF.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY PRESS ILLUSTRATING SERVICE.



ELECTED IN THE FIRST YEAR OF THE WAR: HIS HOLINESS POPE BENEDICT XV.—A NEW PORTRAIT.

His Holiness Pope Benedict XV. (James della Chiesa), the 259th Roman Pontiff, was born at Genoa on November 21, 1854. He was ordained Priest on December 21, 1878, and on December 22, 1907 was consecrated Archbishop of Bologna. It was only a few weeks before the war that he was made a Cardinal, on May 25, 1914, and about a month after it began he was elected Pope, on September 3 of that fateful year, in succession to Pius X. Pope Benedict has the reputation of being an able organiser. He was for many years a fellow-

worker of Leo XIII., who preceded Pius X., and of Cardinal Rampolla. As head of the Roman Catholic Church, the sovereign Pontiff claims temporal power over the Papal States which were incorporated with Italy from 1860 to 1870, but the territory of the Papacy is now confined to the palaces of the Vatican and the Lateran and the Villa of Castel-Gandolfo. These are guaranteed to the Pope by the Italian Government, with an annual indemnity of 3,250,000 lire, which, however, is neither claimed nor paid.

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

THE curtain will shortly go up for the pageant of autumn and winter art sales in the London auction-rooms. Connoisseurs and collectors will again foregather in the fashionable galleries. Great collections, slowly acquired with unerring judgment, will become disintegrated. New records will be made; old contests will be renewed. The swing of the pendulum will determine where fashionable caprice asserts a passing influence. The London auction-rooms are becoming more and more cosmopolitan; whatever passports are required for the foreign dealers to cross to London, there is no passport to enter the art arena, and Old Masters of all nations meet as protagonists on a common plane. The modern auction-room is the great Assay Office of Art; it is here that the hall-mark of posterity is stamped upon work that is sterling.

Messrs. Sotheby open with a three days' sale on Oct. 18, 19, and 20, of colour-prints by renowned Japanese artists, including framed diptychs and triptychs, the property of Sir Frank Swettenham. The whimsical dreams of late eighteenth-century Japan appeal to a growing circle of admirers. Maybe the period which extended to the middle nineteenth century is not representative of esoteric Japanese art. By purists it is held to betray decadence. It was just when the East exhibited a sympathetic curiosity for the Western horizon. Much study has been given to Japanese colour-prints. The work of Hokusai (1760-1849) Hiroshige (1797-1858), Yeishi (1746-1829), Utamaro (1754-1806), and others, has been classified, and collectors have specialised in states with no less assiduity than that employed in regard to prints of European masters. De Goncourt and others have immortalised certain Japanese prints in prose; and Whistler and Aubrey Beardsley have paid Japanese art a more flattering compliment.

In a period when originality seemed to have deserted Europe, Japan had a living school of design, whose decorative work was focussed with the directness of appeal which is made by the field-mouse of Burns, the daffodils of Wordsworth, or the sparrow of Catullus. The titles of many of these Japanese prints are alluring in themselves—"New Year's Day at the House of the Fan," "Fallen Cherry Blossoms," "The Lone Fisherman," "Customs of Beauties by the Clock," "Snow Moon and Flower of the Tea Houses." There are village streets and travellers, bullock-carts and monkeys, moonlight scenes and bridges and boats; "Ladies Going to Archery," wrestlers, geishas, iris gardens and willow-trees and wistaria, rice-fields, and groups making *saké* over glowing maple leaves, scenes from "The Hundred Poets," tableaux from the "Six Polite Accomplishments."

and Bacchanalian revels at the "House of the Pine in the Yoshiwara."

It is just such a collection, diverse and representative, that would induce a man to commence collecting these dainty Japanese colour-prints, with their symbolism and delicate suggestiveness of gaiety; and there is a collection here of books of reference; so that, if he will, he can commence the study forthwith.

A fine series of specimens of glass is offered by Messrs. Sotheby on Oct. 21, followed by porcelain on the succeeding day, including Chinese, Hispano-Moresque ware, Sèvres, Delft, Persian tiles, Italian majolica, and English examples. Modern glass has reached a prohibitive price these last five years; accordingly, old glass has made correspondingly sensational figures, especially certain Jacobite glasses with portraits of Prince Charles Edward, and in this sale these Stuart reminders are well to the fore. Some are engraved with the symbol of the rose with two buds and leaves; and one remarkably fine goblet with bell-shaped bowl is engraved with a seven-petalled rose and two buds, star, and thistle, and a fine portrait of Prince

legends absent or half told, its 163 leaves offer a wealth of illustration with 135 exquisitely painted miniatures in brilliant colours on diapered grounds, all within borders of burnished gold. The pages are further illuminated with over 150 large ornamental initials.

To those who love book-plates there is an interesting collection of some 2500 of these decorative symbols of ownership, including early eighteenth-century examples and extending to the recent work of C. W. Sherborn.

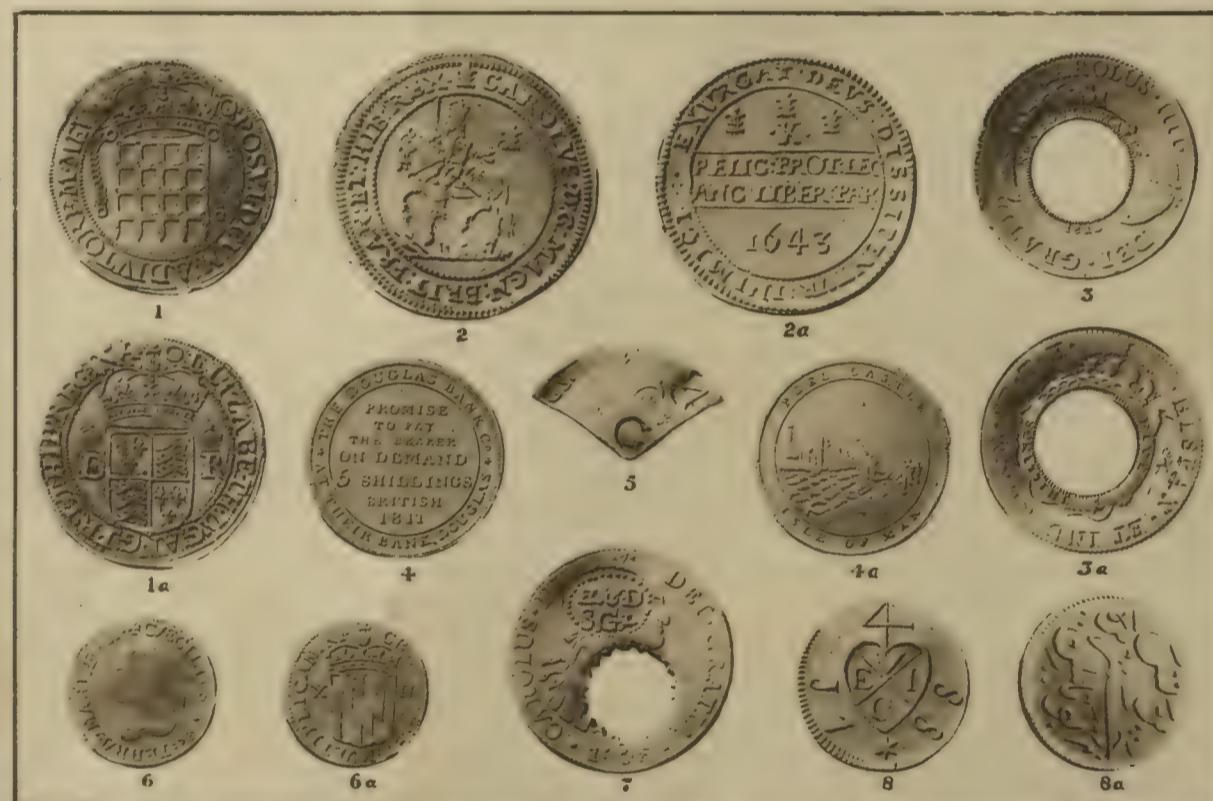
Under the same roof and at the same time the collection of English and Colonial coins formed by Dr. Herbert Peck is to be sold. Interesting items include an Elizabeth Portcullis piece of eight reals (India) from the Preston collection sold in 1900; Ceylon, Sumatra, Penang, Straits Settlements, African Company (1750) set of Ackey pieces; Sierra Leone Company (1791) proof set; Cape Colony tokens; (Canada) Hudson Bay Company, tokens in brass; (West Indies) Antigua, Barbados, Jamaica; (Australia) New South Wales "Holey" dollar, 1815, pierced with circular hole, from the Davis sale, and a fifteen-pence piece also from New South Wales.

A three-days' sale of printed books, Oct. 25, 26, and 27, the properties of the Countess of Yarborough and others, includes books from the famous library of Lady Lucas at Wrest Park, Bedfordshire. This latter offers a large collection of old English plays, poems, and tracts, and books with coloured illustrations, including French illustrated books of the eighteenth century.

Of engravings and drawings, various properties to be dispersed by Messrs. Sotheby on Oct. 26 and 27 contain choice examples of French and English engravings of the eighteenth century in line, stipple, and mezzotint, some finely printed in colours.

The French line portraits exhibit the art of the engraver at its highest; his portraits were mainly engraved *ad vivum*, and have a strength and directness which place them on a plane by themselves. As portraitists, Edelinck, Masson, and Nanteuil are unsurpassed. "States" are factors which determine great prices, but wise collectors and all who love engraving brilliantly handled by great masters of the line should be glad to secure any work of this trio.

But fashion has decreed that fancy subjects in stipple, especially when printed in colours, should be awarded the palm; and here are "Delia in Town," by J. R. Smith, after Morland; "Cupid Stung by a Bee," by Poggi; and "Le Baiser à la Dérobée," by Regnault, after Fragonard, to carry on the traditions anent the worship of delicacy and finesse.



AN EVENT OF HIGH INTEREST TO THE NUMISMATIST: THE FORTHCOMING SALE OF THE PECK COLLECTION OF ENGLISH AND COLONIAL COINS—SOME RARE ITEMS.

The sale of Dr. Herbert Peck's collection of English and Colonial coins will be held at Sotheby's on October 29. The coins here illustrated are: 1 and 1a. An Indian coin of Queen Elizabeth's time: a portcullis piece of 8 reals (*obv.*, shield; *rev.*, portcullis). 2 and 2a. A Charles I. Oxford half pound, 1643 (*obv.*, date; *rev.*, King). 3 and 3a. A silver New South Wales "Holey" Dollar, 1815, pierced (*obv.*, date; *rev.*, value 5s.). 4 and 4a. A Peel Castle (Isle of Man) silver 5s. piece, 1811. 5. Grenada: a third section of a cut dollar, very rare, unpublished. 6 and 6a. Maryland: a Lord Baltimore shilling (*obv.*, his head; *rev.*, shield). 7. Essequibo and Demarara: a pierced Spanish dollar. 8 and 8a. Penang: a rupee, 1788 (*obv.*, the Company's bale-mark; *rev.*, a Persian inscription).—[By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.]

Charles Edward Stuart wearing the Order of the Garter—the portrait is encircled with a wreath of laurel leaves. A companion glass was sold by Messrs. Sotheby in March last for £395; this example had the inscription "Revirescit." The same firm sold a smaller glass with a portrait of Prince Charlie wearing tartan and star, from Lord Lambourne's collection, in May last for £170. Another feature in the sale is a fine series of sweetmeat glasses of exquisite design. In regard to taper-sticks and candle-sticks of glass a great many examples are coming into the market nowadays. Some are antique; these are in the minority. Others are of modern make, though it must be admitted they are of very beautiful design and perfect manufacture; but these latter are not collectors' pieces.

Simultaneously with the glass and china dispersals, an interesting collection of mediæval manuscripts and rare printed books will be sold in the same galleries. Among the collection is a fine example of English calligraphy and decoration of the fourteenth century, "Legenda Aurea" of Jacobus de Voragine, on vellum. Although imperfect, with some of the

MONKEY-FUR AND VARIETY: THE KEYNOTES OF PRESENT-DAY FASHION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY G.P.A.



1. A "VEIL" OF MONKEY-FUR: THE NEWEST HAT-TRIMMING
2. MOLESKIN AND VELVET: TWO NEW OUTDOOR COSTUMES.
3. THE VOGUE OF MONKEY-FUR: A VELVET DRESS TRIMMED WITH THE POPULAR PELT.
4. A VERY FULL SKIRT: ONE OF THE MANY STYLES IN VOGUE.

5. A POPULAR COMBINATION: BLACK VELVET AND FUR.
6. A HIGH COLLAR—AND A DRAPED SKIRT.
7. ONE OF FASHION'S LATEST DRESSES: THE SWATHED COAT.
8. ALL BRAIDED AND BEFURRED: A NEW WAY OF USING TRIMMING.
9. BLACK SATIN AND WHITE FUR: A NEW CREATION.

Gone, it is to be hoped for ever, are the days when, in order to be in the fashion, woman had but a limited choice as to what she might and might not wear. Now she chooses her style, and can be equally smart in a very tight skirt or a very full one, in a high collar or with none. And the same tolerance

prevails with regard to hats. There are, of course, certain things which are more the vogue than others. Amongst furs, for instance, monkey-fur is very popular just now as a trimming, and is sometimes used on hats, drooping softly over the face in a manner which is eminently becoming.

BOLSHEVISM AND RUSSIA: THE RED TERROR PREACHED

OFFICIAL BOLSHEVIST PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY DR. L. HADEN GUEST,



A PROPAGANDA TRAIN USED BY THE BOLSHEVISTS TO SPREAD THEIR DOCTRINES IN RUSSIA: PICTURES INSCRIBED "COSSACKS FORMING INTO SOVIET CAVALRY."



"DEATH TO THE IMPERIAL GENERALS!" BLOODTHIRSTY SCENES ON THE "RED COSSACK" TRAIN—THE CENTRE OF THE CARRIAGE, CONTAINING PAMPHLETS, INSCRIBED "LITERATURE."



"COSSACKS! FORWARD TO THE DEFENCE OF SOVIET RULE!" A PROPAGANDA TRAIN PICTURE—THE "RED" ARMY HUNTING DOWN "WHITE" GENERALS AND "CAPITALISTS."

One way in which the Bolsheviks preach their bloodthirsty doctrines in Russia is by sending on tour propaganda trains adorned with highly sensational pictures depicting the murder and torture of "capitalists" and so on, accompanied by lecturers and supplies of Bolshevik "literature." In the second photograph (top right) the appeal to Cossack women reads: "This is what the Soviet rule will do for the woman worker. Under Soviet rule you will be able to possess land and take part in deciding all social questions on an equality with men. Cossack women! stand for the Soviet rule!" (It is worth noting, by the way, that there are no women on the Central Committee of the Communist Party nor among the People's Commissars.) The inscription in the sixth illustration (lower right) reads: "The workmen and peasants have overthrown the Tsar, his associates, and the Capitalists. Cossacks! overthrow the Imperial generals and officers!" That the campaign of murder conducted against the bourgeoisie is the definite policy of the Bolshevik leaders, and not the work of irresponsible subordinates, is proved by Dr. Haden Guest's account of his experiences in Russia as Joint Secretary of the British

PICTORIALLY TO THE COSSACKS BY PROPAGANDA TRAINS.

JOINT SECRETARY OF THE BRITISH LABOUR DELEGATION TO RUSSIA.



DECORATED WITH PICTURES AND INSCRIPTIONS DESIGNED TO ILLUSTRATE THE ADVANTAGES OF BOLSHEVISM TO COSSACK WOMEN: PROPAGANDA TRAIN NO. 5—"THE RED COSSACK."



"DEATH TO THE BOURGEOISIE!" AN OBJECT-LESSON IN THE USE OF THE KNOT—A PROPAGANDA TRAIN SHOWING PEASANTS AND WORKMEN ATTACKING "CAPITALISTS."



THE MURDER OF THE TSAR USED AS BOLSHEVIST PROPAGANDA: A SYMBOLIC PICTURE OF THE FALLEN EMPEROR IN ERMEINE ROBE, WITH AN APPEAL TO COSSACKS.

Labour Delegation. Lenin said to him in an interview: "We are firmly for the Red Terror against the capitalist class"; and again: "Who says class struggle says civil war." Dr. Haden Guest gives the following particulars of executions in Russia, taken from an official pamphlet. "In 1918 there were 245 risings against the Government, which were suppressed, and in 1919 there were 99. During these risings there were 2057 persons killed . . . probably a great underestimate. The list of persons shot for various crimes (in 1918 and 1919 respectively) is as follows: Spying, 56 and 46; Rebellion, 2431 and 651; Membership of counter-revolutionary organisations, 1637 and 387; Inciting to rebellion, 396 and 59; Speculation, 39 and 32; Banditism, 492 and 241; Desertion, 39 and 63; Crimes by office-holders, 157 and 49; Miscellaneous, 1723 and 561." The totals are: 6330 in 1918 and 2089 in 1919. Among organisations classed as "Counter-revolutionary" were the Social Democratic Party (Mensheviks) and the Salvation Army! Dr. Guest adds: "The most conservative estimate of the number of executions in Russia must be several times that supplied by the official spokesman."

BOLSHEVISM.

By DR. L. HADEN GUEST, M.C., L.C.C.

A POLITICAL and social theory must be judged nowadays not only by what it professes, but by what it attains and by the means it uses. Mr. George Bernard Shaw has long ago expressed the conviction that "everyone means well." It may be conceded that the great majority of the Bolsheviks "mean well"—but so did the Spanish Inquisitors and the invaders of Mexico and Peru when they destroyed civilisation there, and spread murder and outrage broadcast as an incidental—to—as they thought—saving the souls of the poor heathen.

The Bolsheviks have the same fanatical creed-dogmatism in their materialist faith as the Spanish Inquisitors had in theirs. The one was a perversion of Christianity; the other is a perversion of Socialism. To explain the social condition of different countries and different social classes the Bolsheviks rely on their economic theories; but to explain and understand the Bolsheviks themselves it is necessary to go deeper and seek for causes in the biological and psychological peculiarities of individuals and nations.

When the great structure of the old Russian Empire broke down under the stress of a world war and collapsed into the mud in 1917, the revolutionary forces of Russia took control and assembled themselves under the banner of the Kerensky Government. Only a small part of these were Bolsheviks. The old and terrible Tsaristic régime had gone; very rapidly its remnants were swept away. But the huge, spineless, new Russia, sprawling like a wobbly jelly-fish over Europe and Asia, had not strength to lift its head or power to control its members. Russia had never known any government but a highly centralised despotism, and what more natural than that it should turn from the slow, painful, and difficult task of constitution-

building to a new form of centralised control by a well-disciplined and armed group—the Bolshevik party? Lenin's discovery in practical politics was the armed political party. Lenin only managed to get twenty-five per cent. of the Constituent Assembly; but twenty-five per cent., armed and disciplined, were able to take power from the remainder by force.

Peter the Great discovered that he must dragoon Russia to make her obey, and Lenin is just a second Peter. Many Bolsheviks accept the suggestion as the most natural thing in the world, and regard Lenin as carrying on Peter's work. It is significant that the relics of Peter the Great—the boat he himself built, for instance—are preserved with great care.

There is a great deal of national pride about the "international" Bolshevik. The Third International, instead of being a new international organisation, is, in fact, a Russian national organisation which attempts—in characteristic Russian despotic style—to impose its ukases upon its would-be adherents in other countries.

The central figures of Bolshevism are men who have been wounded by the world—both Lenin and Trotsky spent many years of their lives in exile. There is hardly a Bolshevik leader who has not been in prison several times. Many of them have suffered atrociously in Siberia. Large numbers are ill in body or in mind.

They have longed for a beautiful new world, and been ground into the dust in this; they have seen the terrible degradation and misery of the old Russia, and their hearts have been torn.

It was inevitable that when they grasped the reins of power the sense of that power should have gone to their heads. Because they did not

expect to succeed. Men who a few years ago were meeting obscurely in Geneva, in Paris, or in the East End of London, issuing their edicts of praise or condemnation to an unlistening world, have suddenly found themselves in the seats of power over a vast stretch of the earth's surface.

In the town of Saretov, on the Volga, I was taken a round of visits to institutions by the Bolshevik medical officer of the place. There are very few Bolshevik doctors, but this man was one. He was a little man with an amiable face, not a strong face, and with a lot of straggly moustache and beard. His dress was a Russian peasant blouse held in by a cord round the waist, and a pair of long boots half-way up his trouser legs to the knee. On his rather full head of brown hair he put a little cap. He wore glasses, and his eyes blazed. He was a fanatic, with his eyes filled with the joy of one who "knows." The Salvation Army in this country has many such converts as he was. And as we went our round we saw in the distance the high, slender post and wire of a radiotelegraphic station: with an exultant chuckle this

a part. The general feeling towards the Press may perhaps be summed up in the sentence which speaks of the *Pravda* (Truth) and the *Izvestia* (News), which exist as Bolshevik and official Soviet organs in each town, by saying: "There is no truth in the *Pravda*, and there is no news in the *Izvestia*."

The people living in this overheated political atmosphere, bottled up from the world, are physically a starving people. The arrangements—if they can be called such—made by the Government with the peasants with the object of obtaining food for the country as a whole, have broken down, and the transport of the country has failed because of the strain put upon it by war and the blockade of Russia by the Allies. The Bolsheviks, when they came into power, encouraged peasants and soldiers to continue to take the land of the great estates and of the rich peasants—and published a decree of land nationalisation.

But revolution by proclamation is like trying to control the wind out of heaven with a weather-cock.

The land in Russia is, in fact, at the present

time, in the hands of peasant proprietors; the Bolshevik land nationalisation programme is merely so much printed paper. And this example is the key to the understanding of the Bolsheviks' position. They have made decrees and they have issued proclamations, but they have not made practical arrangements to carry their views into effect.

The all-important metal industry of Petrograd only began an inventory of its raw material and machinery in May of this year.

The land is so little "nationalised" that in many places the only ways of getting corn or other produce from the peasants are by (1) paying profiteering prices, or (2) using military force.

But the practical achievements of the Bolsheviks are not only negative. A good deal has been done in two fields—those of education and public health, in which the lines of progress are already laid down by Western nations and in which the Bolsheviks could call upon the services of a number of trained experts. Dr. Semasko, the head of the Soviet Medical Service, is not only a Bolshevik; he is a humanitarian who is working for Russia because he wishes to serve, not to dominate, his fellow men. The doctors, nurses, sanitarians, trade unionists, and women workers under his leadership have carried on a great practical propaganda for cleanliness and against disease, which even under their terrible conditions has kept Russia's head up above the tide of disaster threatening to engulf her.

And in education, although much of the scheme is still only on paper, the plan proposed is of noble proportions and will have a great effect if one serious blot is removed. This blot is the teaching of "Communism" in the schools as a creed-dogma.

This teaching of "Communism" as a creed-dogma is characteristically reactionary, and one asks oneself, Is the whole Bolshevik movement in Russia a turning back from the great expanding of the Russian spirit liberated by the Revolution? Is Bolshevism a way of slipping back into the old system of centralised power of Russia?

What is needed in Russia is the fresh air of free intercourse with the rest of the world; the free criticism of the rest of the world, too; and a time of peace, of industry, and of trade, when the wounds of Russia can have time to heal. And it is not only Russia, but all the world, which needs Peace.



RULERS IN RUSSIA: A TYPICAL SOVIET COUNCIL.

The photograph shows members of the first Soviet Council of Nijni Novgorod, and was taken on October 28, 1917.

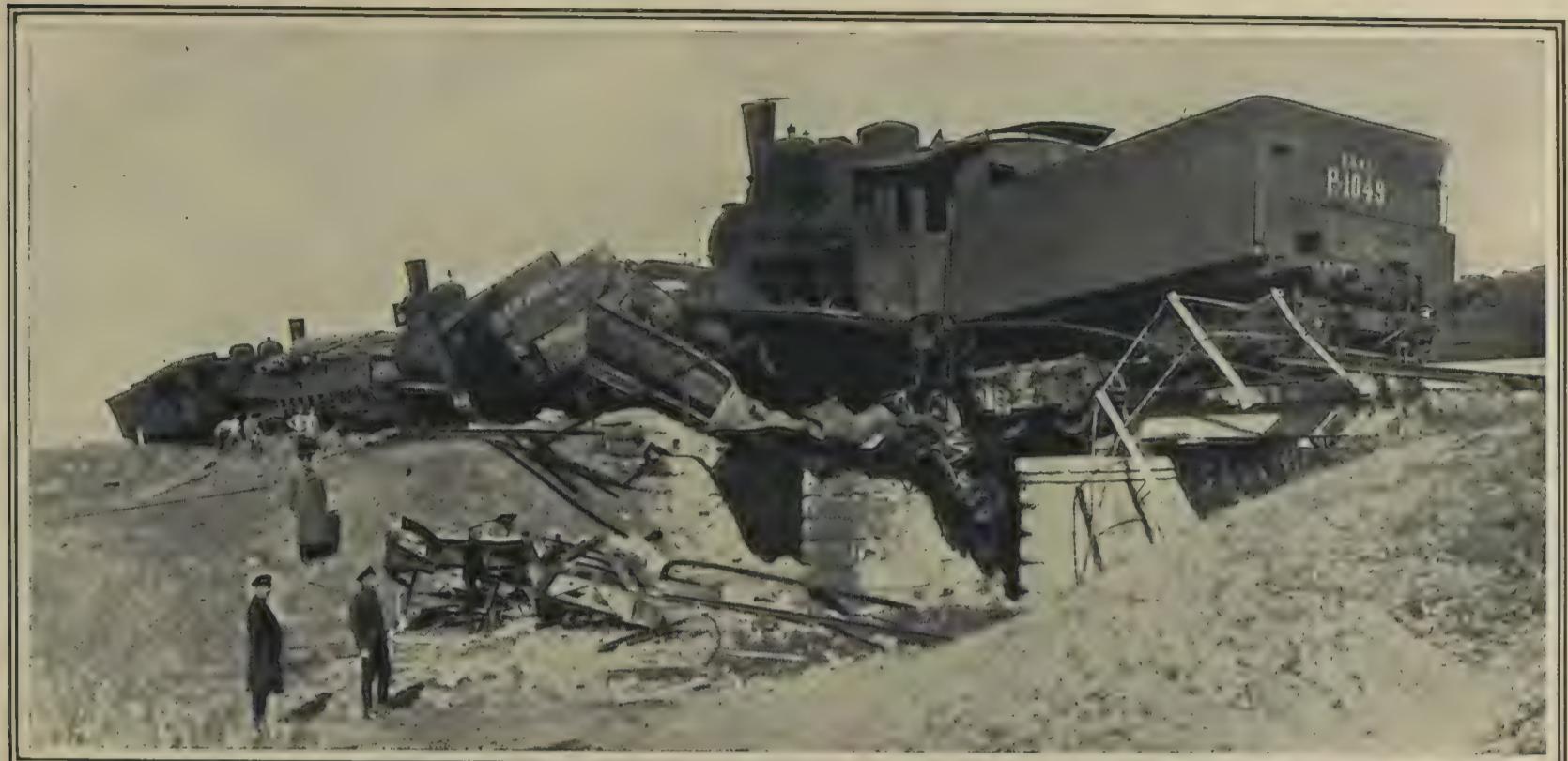
was pointed out to me—"The instrument of World Revolution." I had not the heart to tell the doctor what a very small proportion of the Soviet wireless messages are ever published in this country.

It was on the Volga, too, that I had a long talk with a representative of a local Soviet on the subject of the Revolution in America. Or, rather, my Soviet friend talked and I listened. "The Revolution," in this country or that, is a favourite subject everywhere. Its precision of date would stagger some of the people concerned. For instance, there was no question as to the imminence of the Revolution in America in my Soviet friend's mind. His only trouble was that of date. And his question was, "Did I think the Revolution in America would come in the autumn of 1920 or the spring of 1921?" I ventured to suggest politely that the political and general development of the country made either date unlikely.

The whole of Russia is living in an overheated political atmosphere, fed exclusively on a diet of Soviet newspapers and rumours. No newspapers but official ones are allowed. It is an offence to have a foreign newspaper. Opposite parties are not allowed to print or publish their views. Nor are they allowed to use the printing press at election times. The Bolsheviks are so sure that they know what is right that they ruthlessly suppress any attempt at free speech or a free Press. And so rumour grows to gigantic proportions. For instance, I was told that many people in Russia, when the Labour Delegation was there, did not believe we were genuinely a Labour Delegation at all. One rumour said we were Estonians dressed up, and another rumour said we were English prisoners compelled to play

BOLSHEVISM AND RUSSIA: DAMAGED RAILWAYS; FOOD RATIONS.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY DR. L. HADEN GUEST, JOINT SECRETARY OF THE BRITISH LABOUR DELEGATION TO RUSSIA.



TYPICAL OF THE ENORMOUS AMOUNT OF DAMAGE DONE TO RUSSIAN RAILWAYS AND ONLY SLOWLY BEING REPAIRED: PART OF A DESTROYED LINE WITH A WRECKED BRIDGE AND LOCOMOTIVES.



"BOLSHEVIST ARRANGEMENTS FOR PROVIDING FOOD FOR THE POPULATION": A BREAD QUEUE IN PETROGRAD.



FALLEN INTO A STATE OF DILAPIDATION, LIKE MANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENTS: A FORMER CAFÉ IN PETROGRAD.

Russian life under Bolshevik rule resembles that of an invaded country. Railway communication is practically at a standstill, enormous damage has been done to the lines, and travel without a special pass is prohibited. As regards the food supply, Dr. Haden Guest writes: "The natural richness of the country will, when it is no longer despoiled by requisitions from the towns and the Army, create a tendency towards trading which will probably be much stronger than any regulations the Bolsheviks can make to stop it. Even now, when private trading is irregular and branded as 'speculation,' it is possible to buy almost any kind of agricultural produce in the market at Moscow if you are willing to pay the



WHERE BOLSHEVIST REGULATIONS AGAINST PRIVATE TRADING HAVE FAILED: A PETROGRAD PROFESSOR OUT TO MARKET.

inflated prices. The Bolshevik arrangements for providing food for the population of Moscow have, in effect, broken down. There is sometimes no bread available for more than a week at a time, and the staple diet of most Russians is black bread and millet seed. Yet it is possible to get in the market milk, bread, eggs, vegetables, and fruit, and in point of fact Moscow lives on the market conducted by the peasants instead of from the Bolshevik rations. . . . The whole situation is dominated by the Bolshevik failure to deal with the land problem and to convert the peasants to anything like an acceptance of their theories. . . . No economic machinery has been created for distributing the wealth of the land."

BOLSHEVISM AND RUSSIA: DOMESTIC LIFE UNDER A RÉGIME THAT REGARDS LIBERTY AS "BOURGEOIS SUPERSTITION."

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY DR. L. HADEN GUEST, JOINT SECRETARY OF THE BRITISH LABOUR DELEGATION TO RUSSIA.



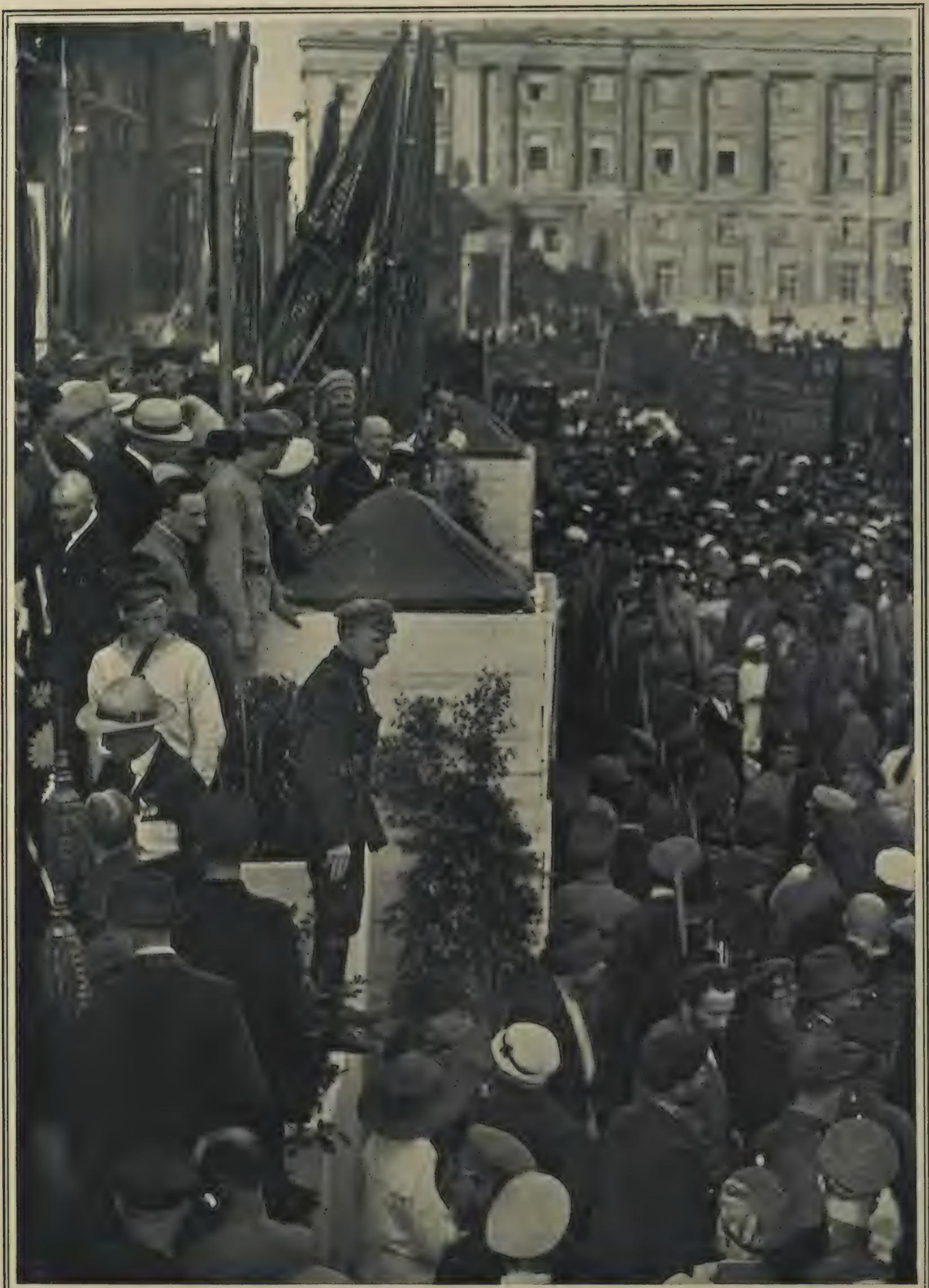
PRIVATE LIFE UNDER BOLSHEVIST RULE: ALL THE RESIDENTS OF A BLOCK OF FLATS IN PETROGRAD COMPELLED TO JOIN IN CLEANING THE COURTYARD.

It is perfectly clear that, in substituting Bolshevism for Tsarism, Russia has merely changed from one tyranny to another, losing thousands of lives in the process. There is no freedom under Bolshevism, and there is not meant to be any. Lenin himself has declared that "liberty is a bourgeois superstition." All private life, as well as all public life, in Russia is under the control of the new tyrants. The individual is subjected to discipline in every direction. Theoretically, there is no buying and selling, although, in fact, it goes on. No one is allowed to travel without the permission of the authorities. Freedom of action, freedom of speech, freedom of the Press, have all been abolished. That there is nothing in common between Bolshevism and democratic Socialism is abundantly shown in the articles of Dr. Haden Guest, Joint Secretary of the British Labour Delegation to Russia, who went out as a Socialist to study the Bolshevik régime, and

whose exposure of the real state of things forms an unanswerable indictment. "The so-called Russian Communist Party," he writes, "is a military brotherhood of believers in a certain set of dogmas. Their strength is in the organisation which took power by force and has ruthlessly used power, and 'terror' based on power, to preserve it. The difficulty in understanding the situation in Russia is the difficulty of penetrating behind the camouflage of Socialist and Communist wording of Bolshevik statements to the crude and naked realities of the struggle for power behind that screen. The reality is that a small group of men, with certain fanatically held materialist beliefs (held with all the intensity of religious conviction) have seized power and imposed on their adherents a nominal allegiance to their theories."

BOLSHEVISM AND RUSSIA: LENIN, "A CENTRAL ASIATIC MAHOMED."

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY DR. L. HADEN GUEST, JOINT SECRETARY OF THE BRITISH LABOUR DELEGATION TO RUSSIA.



ADDRESSING A MEETING ON THE PLACE OURITZSKY, PETROGRAD: LENIN (BAREHEADED, ON THE LEFT).

"Lenin is best understood," writes Dr. Haden Guest in the "Times," "as a Central Asiatic Mahomed, sending out the cry of his new materialist religion. . . . The 'conditions' of adherence to the Third International sent to Germany, France and England all lay stress on the need of subordination to Moscow, and the need of implicit obedience. Like Mahomedanism, too, the new faith is militant—its good is to be carried everywhere by fire and sword, 'heavy civil war,' and terrific struggle. The democratic side of Socialism, free speech, free

meeting, free and secret elections—all these disappear in the Russian conception. Lenin declares: 'Liberty is a *bourgeois* superstition.' Personally, "Lenin is a short man, nearly bald in front, and his hair is slightly ginger. His English is fairly good, but his French is better. The face is high as to cheekbones, and the eyes are somewhat slit-like—the colour of the face is very sallow, its general appearance definitely Asiatic. Lenin smiles often, but without geniality. . . . In Petrograd we inspected a military and naval parade in the Place Ouritzsky."

BOLSHEVISM AND RUSSIA: THE HEAD OF THE RED ARMY.

FROM AN EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPH.



"TREMENDOUSLY POPULAR" IN RUSSIA: TROTSKY, PEOPLE'S COMMISSAR FOR WAR.

"In the Grand Theatre at Moscow," writes Dr. Haden Guest in the "Times," "Trotsky came into our box, and we had the opportunity of talking over the situation. There is no doubt that Trotsky is tremendously popular: when he appeared at the front of the box at the beginning of the third act, he received a great spontaneous ovation. I had a little private talk with Trotsky about the Army. . . . The extent to which militarisation has gone in Russia was in evidence everywhere. . . . The Army, which is one of the great pillars and supports of

the power of the autocratic Council of Commissars, is becoming welded into a great Army with a tremendous reserve. . . . If a new Russian autocracy is to arise, it will be on Napoleonic lines. . . . The Bolsheviks' great supports are the gigantic secret police under Dzerjinsky, and the great army under Trotsky. . . . Trotsky is the nominal head of the Transport Department, but, as he also holds the portfolio of War, he has, in practice, no time to devote to transport, and all is done by Sverdlov." Trotsky was formerly a journalist by profession.



THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.



By J. T. GREIN.

THERE must be some distinct difference of focus between the Continental and the British eye, for to my surprise I read constantly concerning Maurice Moscovitch in "The Great Lover"—after consummate praise of his acting—that he is not quite the man of the part in physique; that, in spite of natural disadvantages, he gives a splendid performance—and so forth. Now, from the Continental point of view, Maurice Moscovitch is not only the man of this part *par excellence*—he is the prototype of the heroic actor. He has the knightly, serene appearance, the lofty manner, the broad gesture, the sonorous voice which in my mind's eye stamp all the great performers of the tragic school as members of one family. I see a striking resemblance in dimness of outline between him and Bouwmeester, Haase, Possart, Poliahoff, Sully; he reconstructs, as it were, the period when realism was still on the horizon, and the grand, romantic manner swept the theatres of all Continental Europe. Nor would I be understood to say that Moscovitch belongs to the old school: he has proved in his Shylock and in his far too little appreciated "Inspector General" that he is wholly original, and has conceptions of his own in defiance of tradition. My contention is that, if ever the right man was chosen for the right part, it was Moscovitch as the Great Lover. There is but one point of criticism to be levelled against his magnificent portrayal of this arch-*cabotin*, who flattered himself into the belief that he was a super-man, who acted on the stage and off, who played with hearts as another plays with cards. The criticism refers to the last act, when the Great Lover wooed and whined to the young girl who, about to yield to his glint and glamour, remembered that she belonged to another. In that scene Moscovitch meandered, and somehow recalled the days when, at the Pavilion East, he played parts of Yiddish tragic comedy. Yet—I am glad to add it—the decline of quality was not quite his fault. He had to play up to a lady who, in my opinion, lacks all the qualifications of the *ingénue*, all the experience demanded by a scene of great emotion. If a different partner had been chosen for him, he would have remained on the magnificent level of the first two acts; he would have given the *grand jeu* as he did when sparring with that fine actress Miss Beverly Sitgreaves, the cast-off old love of the occasion, whose creation of the diva fighting sere and yellow and fallen leaves of love, conjured up pictures of *Italia Irredenta*, and of the tempestuous influence of green-room rivalry and the incessant battle of existence in stage life. Here was great, intense, memorable acting on both sides, and the play, obviously intended as satire with dramatic interludes, reached the drama which moves the crowd.

"The Great Lover" (the pity of it that Herbert Tree was not spared to play it: how he would have doted and gloated on the part!) will have a great career—thanks to Moscovitch, who now has given such eloquent proof of his versatility and creative genius; thanks to an excellent ensemble which rendered the first act in the impresario's office a *Babel*, a little inferno, and a live museum of all the wiles of international operatic virtuosity; thanks, lastly, to the immense dexterity of the author, Mr. Leo Ditrichstein, who, with his tongue

in his cheek and a lightly-flicking whip in his hand, has retold us what would seem unbelievable if Joseph Schurmann, the famous impresario of Paris, had not given us a human document in "Les Étoiles en Voyage" which describes the Kindergarten of the artists and the woes of their director more personally than the comic pandemonium in the first act of "The Great Lover."

I am still engrossed in the delightful Tree book, a biography which is something more than a record and a posthumous portrayal. To me, who knew Herbert Tree so well—we became great friends after a vehement polemic in the Press—it is, in the pages of Lady Tree, almost

been begotten a memorial somewhat idealised, but in the main vitally true—the figure of a personality who was great as an artist in all the ramifications of the meaning, who was to the world off the stage the example of a grand seigneur and a consummate diplomatist, and to the inner circle a lovable friend with the heart of a child and, often, the wiles and caprices of a Peter Pan who would never grow up if he lived as long as Methusaleh, and would ever find joy in the naivest thing as well as in a gentle murder by epigram.

There is one phase in Sir Herbert's life which Lady Tree has altogether omitted (and there is also the slip that the Pompadour was founded on a French play—as a matter of fact, it was adapted

from A. E. Brachvogel's "Narciss," the "parade" part of all German actors). This phase was his visit to Berlin in 1907 at the invitation of Wilhelm II. In those days, when we all tried to establish an "all serene" with Germany, when we had a German Theatre in London, when German editors were welcomed with open arms in London, and London Pressmen feted in Berlin as if all were well in the best of worlds, Tree achieved, perhaps, the greatest personal triumph of his life. The Emperor literally doted on him and Viola; he passed on horseback Unter den Linden and paused at the Hotel Bristol to salute them; he invited him to the Schloss; he spent hours with him discussing drama and Shakespeare—Tree came back one evening saying "he knows his Shakespeare better than I"; he missed only one performance at the New Royal Theatre, and then sent the Empress and Princess Louise to represent him; he paid court to Constance Collier, and singled Lyn Harding out for special praise—in fine, he made Tree feel that if there are Kings on thrones there are Kings in art who deserve equal homage. And Herbert Tree became not only the admired of the Emperor, but the idol of the people; and when during the performance of "Antony and Cleopatra" there was a strikelet among the stage hands—beer was the cause!—and a premature raising of the curtain revealed Herbert the Great shifting scenery along with his faithful stage-manager, Mr. King, and his gifted secretary, Frederic Whelen, there was an ovation which for ever established him as the darling of the Berlin gods. For he had proved himself a sportsman, and that appealed to the Germans of the good old times when in many ways Berlin was more English

than London itself. Imitation ever remains the sincerest form of flattery. It was a fine trait in Tree's character that all this adulation never silenced his criticism of aspects of German life and art. Indeed, since the dramatic critics of the Berlin Press were not over-tender to him, he did not mince matters in his defence. He spoke German as well as a native; one of his speeches at the Deutsches Theater which he was supposed to have written down, but which was a brilliant impromptu from a white piece of paper, created a sensation. He was educated at a German school, and knew all that there was to know about land and people. But he was from top to toe, in breeding and in culture, the complete English gentleman, who, when the time came, did his level best to win America for the cause of the Allies. Thus threefold is his claim to a place in our Pantheon—as an artist, as a man, as a patriot.



AS PAUREL, THE WONDERFUL BARITONE: MR. MOSCOVITCH IN "THE GREAT LOVER," AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

In the part of Paurel, the singer, and "mangeur de coeurs," Mr. Moscovitch has achieved a great triumph, and has proved what versatility and creative genius are his.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]

something akin to a resuscitation. I see him; I hear him; I laugh with him; I smile at him; and—with a vivid stretch of imagination—I dine with him and wine with him aloft in the dome of His Majesty's Theatre till I, exhausted after hours of cross-examination concerning the Drama of the Continent—am merely a man's shadow, and he proposes, in the indestructible buoyancy of youth, to play Nero on the summit of Hampstead Heath while London is burning the midnight oil below. Even more than the vividness of her pen, I admire the infinite tenderness and indulgence with which she describes his character, illumines his great qualities and successes, glosses over his little weaknesses, his divine love of ego, his failures and see-sawing with Dame Fortune, his communion with the world at large to the yearning of his home-folk. Her love must have been immense and undying, and by that love has



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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"EVERY WOMAN'S PRIVILEGE" AT THE GLOBE.

IT is disappointing to find Mr. Hastings Turner in "Every Woman's Privilege" dropping to the level of conventional comedy and imagining that a garnish of epigrams and symbolism—the latter mainly concerned with a garden statue of Cupid—can disguise its hackneyed material. The clash between the standpoints of youth and age, between ingenuous daughter and conservative parent, is all very well as a subject of drama, but surely it is time youth and girlhood were presented in the theatre with some approximation to common-sense and common experience. Who is not tired by now of the stage girl who knows nothing of and cares nothing for love, whose sex instincts are dormant, who engages herself in cold blood to a fish of a man so that she may turn amateur politician and live a life of earnestness? Of such a type is Dahlia Lavery, child of a rich baronet and M.P., who in irritation with a match-making aunt, not to be paralleled outside theatre-land, finds inspiration in a red-tied and impossibly *gauche* Socialist zealot and agrees to work with him as his fiancée in London on the express condition that they are not to marry. In Bloomsbury, where she sets up a "bachelor" flat, the young Socialist writes "I love you" on his type-script, and is bidden to kiss her if it will do him any good; but his ideas of love are of the most tepid sort, and he is more excited over succeeding to the baronet's seat than embracing the baronet's daughter, despite the soulfulness of the articles she dictates to him for the Labour Press. Why Dahlia's father should consent to sacrifice his place in Parliament to a youth whose opinions and personality he detests it is hard to discover, save that it is part of a cure for the heroine planned by a rejected suitor of hers, a country neighbour of the Lavorys stimulated out of his ordinary lethargy by his rejection. Another part of his remedy is to storm the young lady's flat at night, the father waiting outside the door, and to take her violently in his arms and teach her what man is "with the lid off." To his dismay—and it is one of the first natural things



THE GETTING OF COAL FROM WAR-WRECKED LENS: A NEW SHAFT-HEAD AND WINDER NEARING COMPLETION AT NO. 3 PIT-HEAD.—[Photograph by C.N.]



FOR MINERS IN THE DEVASTATED LENS COALFIELDS: NEW DWELLINGS SET UP IN THE WAR-WRECKED AREA.—[Photograph by C.N.]

she has said—she bids him "Kiss me, kiss me"; but that would never do in the second act, and so the kiss has to be delayed till a third long-drawn act is

nearly through and her father can keep her company by making love before the garden Cupid to an ardent widow. There is plenty of charm in Miss Marie Löhr, and she turns out her slang speeches very engagingly, but even she cannot lend consistency or probability to such a character as Dahlia. She has good support from Mr. Herbert Ross as the father, Mr. Basil Rathbone as the Socialist, Miss Helen Rous as the venomous aunt, Miss Vane Featherstone as the widow ripe for a fresh marriage, and Mr. C. M. Hallard as the spouter of epigrams; it is not their fault if they do not make the story convincing. But Miss Löhr really should not emphasise the artificiality of the play by giving us a garden in which wistaria (so it seemed), rambler roses, clematis, hollyhocks and sun-flowers all bloom simultaneously. If we may not have humanity, let us have our flowers according to Nature in the playhouse.

"THE RIGHT TO STRIKE" AT THE LYRIC.

Since medical men have never struck in retaliation against Labour, and since in this country surely no middle-class volunteer, let alone one who is a doctor's son, has been killed as a blackleg in a big strike, Mr. Ernest Hutchinson, in his interesting play "The Right to Strike," asks us to project ourselves into a

possible future rather than to expect from him a story of present-day Labour politics. But the contingency he anticipates of middle-class revolt, if not in the particular profession chosen yet in some other, is so conceivable, and the circumstances that provoke it as he imagines them are so little beyond reason, that his work appeals with all the cogency of a veritable thesis drama. Whether the Labour conferences he pictures are like the real things, or his agitator is of the genuine type, Labour leaders themselves can best decide, though some of us may be allowed to think that our Smissies are made of sterner stuff than has ever gone to the shaping of his Godson Montague—Ben Ormerod, his dupe, is far nearer the mark. But at least Mr. Hutchinson tries to be fair to both sides in argument, and, Montague excepted, in sturdiness

of character; and it was a new thing—and really no bad thing in the theatre, but exhilarating and significant of vitality—to hear cheers and counter-cheers

[Continued overleaf.]

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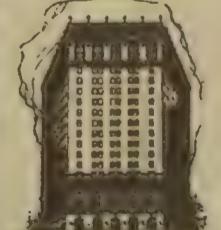
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Continued.
from the first-night audience as the protagonists set out their respective cases. The playwright, indeed, is so anxious to be impartial, so careful not to exaggerate that he does not push the quarrel to the lengths of a bitter end, but resorts to compromise in truly British fashion. The piteous pass of a labourer's wife threatened with death in child-birth, and the pleading of a murdered young doctor's widow on behalf of the sister woman, break down a doctor's resolve to give no medical attendance to strikers' families, and it is the father of the strikers' victim who in the end saves Mrs. Ormerod's life. So many members of the cast do well that it would not be fair to particularise between them, and it must be enough to say that Mr. Holman Clark, Mr. Charles Kenyon, Mr. Leon M. Lion, Mr. Lauderdale Maitland and Miss Marjorie Day all distinguish themselves in a play that merits good representation.

SHAKESPEARE—STRATFORD STYLE. AT THE STRAND.

Thanks' to Mr. Arthur Bourchier, who is presenting the new Shakespeare Company in afternoon performances of "King Henry V." at the Strand, we are able just now to obtain an idea of what renderings of Shakespeare promoted by a National Theatre might be like, had that institution a local habitation and home in London—able at all events to make acquaintance with a revival on National Theatre lines which recently and rightly earned golden opinions at the Stratford-on-Avon festival. The method adopted by the company's director, Mr. Bridges Adams, avoids the baldness of the Poel system of staging, which has always seemed to out-Herod the Herod of Elizabethanism in its pedantic severity, and yet no less decisively rejects the adornment of mere spectacle under which the dramas of Shakespeare in too many modern productions have been smothered and reduced to a slow piece of ritual. Some scenery, just adequate, costumes historically correct and the abandonment of "intervals," save one of ten minutes' length—such is the sensible scheme adopted, and it allows of our hearing the whole of the text, and of the nineteen scenes, no less, being carried through at an exhilarating pace within the

traditional time allowed to the traffic of the stage. The result is as nearly ideal a treatment of Shakespeare as we could ask or are ever likely to get. The Henry V. of Mr. Murray Carrington has less sturdy a ring in his voice than Mr. Lewis Waller's—the St.

soloquy or in the bouts with Williams. The Williams of Mr. Chris Walker has the right staunchness of character; Mr. Stanley Lathbury suggests sufficiently the hot temper of Fluellen; Mrs. A. B. Tapping extracts all the homely pathos possible out of Dame

Pistol's description of Falstaff's death; there is a handsome Dauphin in the person of Mr. James Dale; and we have had few more amusingly robustious Pistols than that of Mr. Ballool Holloway. It looks as if Mr. Bridges Adams and his colleagues may set a new fashion in Shakespeare.

"THE WHITE-HEADED BOY," AT THE AMBASSADORS.

Mr. Lennox Robinson's new Irish comedy "The White-Headed Boy," produced by Messrs. J. B. Fagan and H. M. Harwood at the Ambassadors', is great fun, and the fun has the merit of being achieved legitimately. To keep an audience roaring with laughter for some two hours and a half by perfectly conceivable drolleries of character and speech is a feat on which any playwright deserves to be congratulated; this feat Mr. Robinson has brought off, thanks to the inherent comicality of the idea which forms his starting-point. A white-headed boy in Ireland, it seems, is the favourite of the family; Denis Geoghegan is his mother's favourite because he was born several years after the last of her original brood. Nothing has been too good for this Benjamin; to give him privileges of education his brothers and sisters have been consistently sacrificed. But with all his advantages he proves a failure, and there comes a time when the young Geoghegans rise in revolt. To the last, however, he obtains all the plums of life. Vivacious dialogue enforces the humour of this story, which so quaintly and so relentlessly illustrates Irish character. Who was it said that there is a touch of cruelty in true comedy? That touch manifests itself here. The play is deliciously acted, the best work being done by Mr. Arthur Sinclair, Miss Maire O'Neill, Miss Sara Allgood, Mr.

Sydney Morgan and Mr. Arthur Shields; and if now and again Miss O'Neill as Aunt Ellen seems betrayed into farce, it is certainly a treat to see an actress romping through her part with such obviously high spirits.

[Continued on page 622]



PREPARING FOR THE REOPENING: THE WIDENED SOUTHWARK BRIDGE
AS IT IS TO-DAY.

One of the earlier duties of Alderman Roll as Lord Mayor of London will be to open Southwark Bridge in its new form. The structure is now receiving the finishing touches. Originally built a hundred years ago, the bridge has been widened from 42½ feet to 55 feet. [Photograph by Topical.]

Crispin passage has not the splendid roll and crescendo of eloquence the dead actor used to attain; but there is manliness and even joviality in this reading, and it is more reflective and mentally alert in the famous

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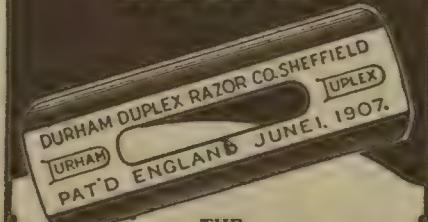
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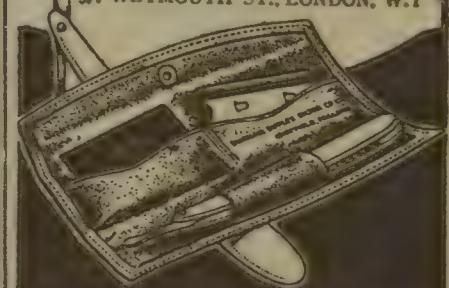
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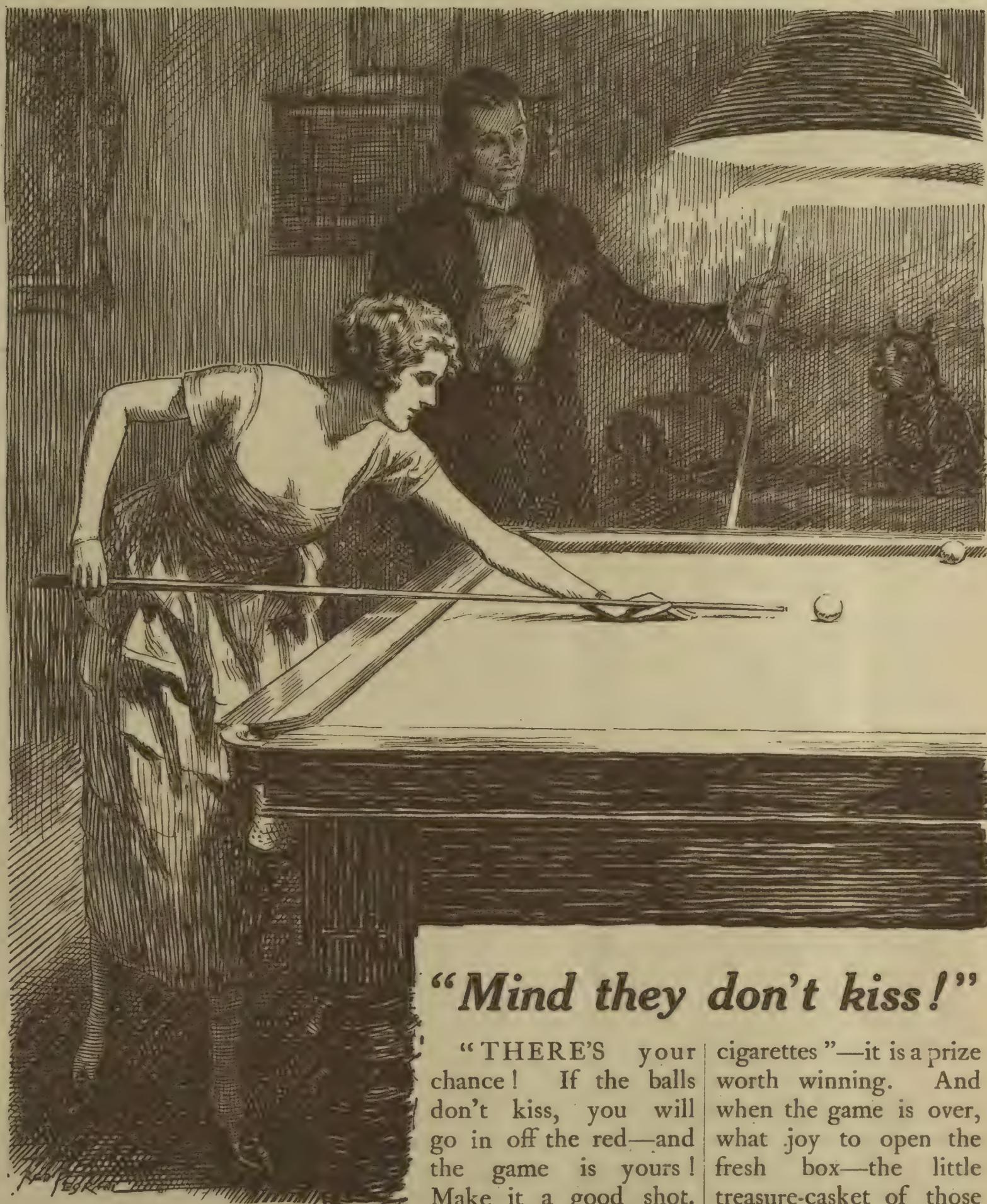
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Needless to say, she did make it a good shot after that reminder. A hundred of "the only

cigarettes"—it is a prize worth winning. And when the game is over, what joy to open the fresh box—the little treasure-casket of those mellow golden Virginias. How delightful to sit together and watch the delicious aromatic smoke of the two Kenilworths curling up and mixing ... in little lazy puffs ...

Kenilworth Cigarettes are made of mellow golden Virginia leaf, yielding a fascinating aroma. They will compare favourably with any Virginia Cigarettes you can obtain, no matter how high the price. Yet Kenilworths only cost 1/6 for 20, 3/8 for 50, 7/4 for 100.

Kenilworth Cigarettes

COPE BROS. & CO., LTD., LONDON AND LIVERPOOL.
Manufacturers of High Class Cigarettes and Tobacco.

Try Kenilworth Mixture—a new blend of ripe Virginia and fine Eastern tobaccos, as critically chosen and carefully manufactured as Kenilworth Cigarettes. Price 1/3 per oz.

LADIES' NEWS.

LADY MAUREEN STEWART is credited with having herself decided the venue of Durham Cathedral for her wedding to Major the Hon. Oliver Stanley, which is to take place on the 4th of next month. Lady Maureen is the daughter of a colliery owner, and she has been down a coal-mine. From her earliest years she was associated with entertainments got up for colliers and their wives and families; she was always present at bicycle parades and other diversions for coal-workers at Seaham Harbour; her grandmother, the late Lady Londonderry, was splendid at organising classes in cookery and laundry for colliers' wives; and now, while all the world is interested in a coal crisis, it is in a colliery district that Lady Maureen elects to be married. Lord Derby, father of the bridegroom-to-be, also owns collieries, but is not, I think, so closely associated with them as Lord Londonderry, who is, as his father was before him, a personally popular owner. During the war the family seat at Seaham was turned into a hospital, and the men from the Londonderry mines had first claim to the beds. It is, therefore, a carrying-on of family tradition—that goodwill should be encouraged between all ranks—that Lady Maureen is being married in the cathedral of a mining district, and from her North-country home, which has a record for the entertainment of royal visitors and for the dispensation of splendid hospitalities second to none in the kingdom—although Knowsley, the ancestral home of the Stanleys, may equal it. There is no doubt that Lady Maureen is doing a very diplomatic thing, although it is doubtless natural diplomacy of the heart as well as of the mind.

A point about furs for this coming winter is that they are wonderfully soft and pliable. As this effect is attained only by the best skilled furriers, whose earnings are far in excess of those of the majority of members of learned professions, low prices are points that need not be looked for in the smart furs for the coming season. A favourite fur which gains enormously by this new treatment is Persian lamb. Preferably, it will be in a beautiful silver-grey called its natural state. This, combined with a soft silver-grey velvet skirt and cape, is priceless, whichever way one chooses to look at it!

Velours hats are not to be so expensive as they were last winter. Possibly because of this, the women who graduate most highly in the schools of fashion declare themselves in favour of velvet, plaited chenille, suede, silk, beaver, or satin head-gear. The nearest approach to velours which they will consider is Fourrure,



THE SOFTNESS OF VELVET AND NET.

The over-bodice is of brownish-taupe velvet, edged with fur; the over-dress is of net all chenille embroidered, and the whole eminently becoming.—[Photograph by G.P.A.]

which is long in the hair and silky and fairly light on the head. It is a smarter and richer-looking material than velours, and hails, I am told, from France, while velours is chiefly an Austrian production.

There are still many people left in the North, where October stalking is found a most fascinating sport. A few ladies are good stalkers, but very few. A stalk arranged by the native professionals for a woman is generally the easiest possible to manage—and then it is not easy. A girl I know motored thirty miles, walked twelve, and crawled about one and a half, and then brought down her stag. Last Sunday I saw two stags in a deer larder near a lodge; one had been grassed about fifteen miles from the lodge on a misty day when only now and again was a shot possible. It was brought down at about two hundred and twenty yards, and it took two days for the men to get the stag down off the hills. When the stalker got home, tired but triumphant, the first thing he wanted was a smoke. He had crawled in a bog and all his pockets were full of water, so he couldn't have one, and the man with him was in similar case. The Marchioness of Breadalbane was, in her prime, a singularly fine stalker, and never shirked any test of endurance. She has written her experiences fascinatingly in a book called "The High Tops of Black Mount." Conditions of health, however, obliged her to give up the strain; now, of course, her years would prevent her from stalking. Another famous stalker was the late Lady Tweedmouth, who grassed many a Royal in the forests of Guisachan.

The Border Pennon presented to Field-Marshal Earl Haig last Saturday will be valued by the Countess not only for its historical associations, but for its own beauty. The Pennon is embroidered on a blue silk background over which is St. Andrew's Cross. Then there is on it the rock, which is the Haigs' crest, surmounted by the Earl's coronet, also the Haig motto, "Tyde what may betye, there shall be Haig of Bemersyde." The ceremony was a quaint one on St. Roswell's Green; the Duke of Buccleuch made the presentation, and the Pennon was displayed at the Point of Honour.

Dame Margaret Lloyd George has had a comparative rest, and is ready for an active winter. Had Dame Margaret had the settlement of her own life, she would undoubtedly have chosen a quiet one devoted to her home. Only those who live at 10, Downing Street know how hard the Prime Minister's wife works, and how little she considers herself. It is characteristic of her that she is splendidly served, and that it is the kind of service that money cannot command.

A. E. L.



For ugly, badly neglected nails

SPECIALISTS say that in caring for the nails, your whole effort should be to keep the cuticle unbroken. When the cuticle is trimmed or cut away, the skin about the base of the nail becomes dry and ragged. It roughs up, forms hangnails, and makes the hands unattractive.

It was to meet this need for a harmless cuticle remover that the Cutex formula was prepared.

Wrap a little cotton around the end of an orange stick and dip it into the Cutex bottle. Work the stick around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the cuticle. Wash the hands, pushing back the cuticle with a towel. A little Cutex Nail White applied under the nails removes discolorations.

Cutex Nail Polish gives you a quick, waterproof finish. After one Cutex manicure examine your nails. You will be amazed at the improvement!

POST THIS COUPON WITH 1/- TO-DAY.

HENRY C. QUELCH & CO. (Dept. L.6).
4 & 5, Ludgate Square, London, E.C. 4.

Name _____

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Town _____

Cutex Cuticle Remover, Nail White, Nail Polish and Cold Cream are each 2/-. Liquid Nail Enamel 2/6. The Cuticle Remover comes also in 4/- bottles. You can get Cutex at all chemists, perfumers or stores.

A manicure set for 1/-

For one shilling we will send you the Cutex Introductory Manicure Set, containing enough of the Cutex preparations for six complete manicures. Address our English selling agents, Henry C. Quelch & Co., 4 & 5, Ludgate Square, London, E.C. 4.

NORTHAM WARREN
New York and Montreal.

The popularity of Cutex has resulted in the appearance of many imitations. Do not confuse these substitutes with the original Cutex, which is always packed in dainty black boxes with a pink seal.

Every article bears our registered title "CUTEX."



"Entr'acte"

Pleasant relaxation during the interval makes the joy of Theatre-going supreme.

Always take with you a 1-lb. box of

BARKER & DOBSON'S CHOCOLATE

Liquid Fruits

You will then realise why "Now-a-days it's BARKER & DOBSON's"—they are entirely different.

Supplied in 1-lb. and 2-lb. boxes by most high-class retailers.
If you have difficulty in obtaining—write us for name and address of nearest dealer.

Sole Manufacturers : BARKER & DOBSON, LTD., EVERTON, LIVERPOOL

FASHIONABLE VELVET HATS



SMART HAT, as sketch, in Panne Velvet, sharply turned up off face, trimmed Nutria Fur. In Nigger and Black.

PRICE 52/6



ATTRACTIVE TOQUE, as sketch, in good quality Black Velvet, trimmed with loops of self material in front. Also in Nigger and Violet.

PRICE 52/6

Catalogue post free.

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY

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Wigmore Street, (Gavendish Square), London, W.1.

Harrods

Underwear for Men

Menfolk owe more to good Underwear than they are ever likely to admit. Harrods Underwear is made of excellent quality material, is perfectly finished in every detail and yields a service that will richly satisfy you as to its Value.

'HORODO'

These 'Horodo' pure wool undergarments are made specially for Harrods from long staple yarn of excellent quality. Self-grey. In three weights.

Light Weight, suitable for Colonial wear.

Vests, Half or Long Sleeves	Pants or Shorts	Com- bi- na- tions	35/6
24/-	25/-		

Larger sizes 1/- and 2/- extra.

Medium Weight. For all the year round.

Vests, Half, or Long Sleeves	Pants or Shorts	Com- bi- na- tions	47/6
33/-	34/-		

Larger sizes 1/- and 2/- extra.

Heavy Weight. Suitable for winter wear.

Vests, Half, or Long Sleeves	Pants or Shorts	Com- bi- na- tions	57/6
38/6	39/6		

Larger sizes 1/- and 2/- extra.

PURE WOOL

Medium weight, natural shade. Made from splendid quality material. Unshrinkable. Vests, Half, or Long Sleeves 23/6
Pants or Shorts 24/6 Combinations 50/-
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SILK-AND-WOOL

A perfectly finished texture, soft and fine, specially suitable for sensitive skins. Vests, Half, or Long Sleeves 36/6
Pants or Shorts 39/6 Combinations 49/6
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WILKINSON SAFETY SHAVER

**Edge-retaining solid blades**

The special feature of a Wilkinson Safety Shaver is its 7 Sword Steel solid blades, hardened and tempered by the Wilkinson special process.

These, together with the roller guard and adjustable ratchet, for fixing the head of the shaver to any angle, give that smooth and close shave that has only before been attained by the use of a straight razor.



There's a power,
behind the edge.

In neat leather case with stropping handle and 7 solid blades, each etched with day of the week.
Gold-plated set - - - - - 50/-
Silver-plated set, complete with Automatic Stropping Machine - - 45/-

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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Gun, Sword and Equipment Makers, Razor Manufacturers.
53, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.

Managing Director : T. H. Randolph.

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IN CORSETS**

A PERFECTLY fitting corset is essential from the point of wear, comfort and good style. We invite our customers to take advantage of the experience of our Staff of expert Corsetiers and fitters.

The Front-laced Corset illustrated is made with low bust and long hip line. This model is made in several fittings and is suitable for a slender or medium figure requiring good support. It can also be had with shorter hips. Made in white coutil or broche materials.

Prices
31/6, 42/-, 57/6

Write for Catalogue.

STOCKINGS

Black Silk Stockings, lisle thread feet and tops. British Manufacture.

10/6 per pair



**MARSHALL &
SNELGROVE**
VERE-STREET-AND-OXFORD-STREET
LONDON W.1

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

CONCERNING WOODCOCK.

AGAIN and again it has been asserted, and as often denied, that woodcock will, on occasion, carry their young in mid-air over comparatively long distances. Twice recently I have been asked

undoubtedly wrong. Yet even men of repute like the Scottish naturalist St. John have had to revise their earlier impressions. In his "Field Notes and Tour in Sutherlandshire," he tells us that the young bird is grasped between the feet. Later he maintained that it was gripped between the thighs, and pressed close to the body of the parent. This is probably the correct rendering, though some will have it that the beak is brought down under the nestling's body to assist the legs. But the use of the beak in such a manner, having regard to the requirements of flight, seems hardly likely. Moreover, it is not merely downy chicks that are thus carried, but also, it would seem, half-grown young, whose wings probably are not strong enough for sudden and rapid flight.

There are those who have spent long years in the haunts of woodcock during the breeding season, and yet have never had the good fortune to

who, as an ornithologist, enjoyed a world-wide reputation, told me he had repeatedly seen them in the Azores. Very rarely, it would seem, woodcock will, in like manner, bear off their young when danger threatens, to a place of safety. It is said that snipe also will, in similar circumstances, transport their young after the fashion of the woodcock. This may very well be the case, but there are fewer records of such happenings.

While swans, grebes, and other water-birds will carry their young about on their backs—the grebes will take their nestlings under their wings and dive with them to a place of safety when alarmed—the woodcock and the snipe seem to be the only birds which carry their offspring in mid-air.

There is more in these remarkable flights than meets the eye at first sight. All other birds must either bring food to their young, or their offspring must be able to accompany their parents on foot or by swimming, in search of food. Was the common ancestor of the woodcock and the snipe in the habit of carrying its young in similar circumstances? Even if this were the explanation, it still would leave unanswered the question why this ancestor, having hatched its young in an impossible feeding area, should have

HAVOC WROUGHT BY FLOODS IN ITALY: A STREET OF TARCENTO CONVERTED INTO A RUNNING STREAM BY THE OVERFLOWING OF THE TORRE.

Tarcento is eleven miles north of Udine.—[Photograph by C.N.]

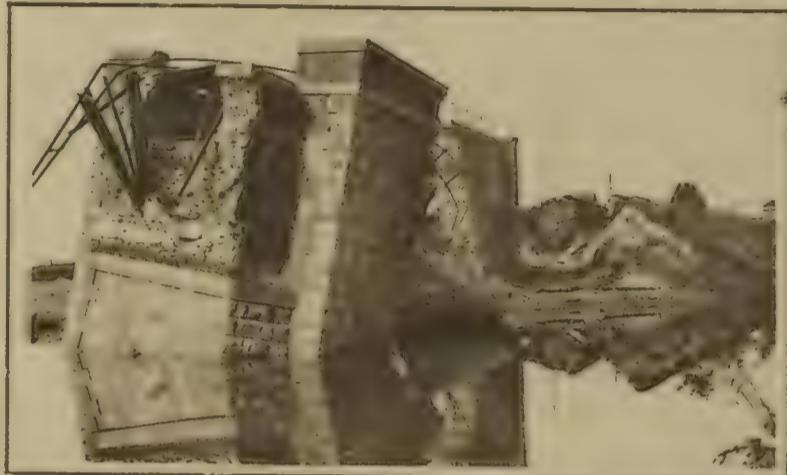
whether such a feat is really possible. While there can be no doubt, to-day, that the young are indeed so carried, there is a considerable conflict of evidence as to the precise method of the transport, and there are further apparent discrepancies of interpretation as to the motives of the parent in this undertaking.

That there are different versions as to the exact way in which the burden is held during such flight is no matter for surprise, since much depends on the quickness of eye and alertness of the observer, as well as upon his nearness to the carrier, his angle of vision, the nature of the cover, and the amount of light. No one seems to have ever seen the young bird actually taken up from the ground; and consequently the observer has in every case been taken by surprise, while the time allowed for observation is of necessity extremely brief.

According to the older accounts, the nestling was borne aloft pressed by its parent against the breast, by means of the long flexible beak. But this was

witness this remarkable performance. On this account, not unnaturally perhaps, they prefer to "keep an open mind" on the subject. There are others who assert that they have seen it performed repeatedly. This conflicting testimony is easily reconciled, the determining factor being the nature of the breeding-ground. Where this is on dry hill-sides, lacking mosses and soft places, such as tender bills need to bore in, the young must be carried to more distant feeding-grounds, and brought back again. The journey down from the hill-side is generally made at dusk, and the return at dawn, or soon after. Such flights have been recorded from numerous places in the British Islands, and the late Dr. F. D. Godman,

hit upon the plan of carrying them to the food. With all other birds in like circumstances, the broods would have perished from the parents' mistaken choice of the site for the nursery.—W. P. PYCRAFT.



HAVOC WROUGHT BY FLOODS IN THE UDINE DISTRICT: A BIG VIADUCT BROUGHT DOWN BY THE RUSH OF WATERS.—[Photograph by C.N.]

Harrods

FINE FOOTWEAR

DRI-PED SOLED

Walk all day along the wettest streets or muddiest roads, your feet will still be dry and comfortable in these Dri-ped Boots or Shoes.

Better still, these Dri-ped Soles outlast two or three stout leather soles; often they outlast the uppers.

Harrods are specialising in this Dri-ped Leather Soled Footwear and can offer the finest selection in the Kingdom.

WILLOW CALF BOOT
Dri-ped Soled. (Style 311)
Of finest quality Tan Leather.
Though not a heavy boot, it may be relied upon for real hard wear and service.
Medium and broad fittings.
Sizes 6 to 12. **75/-**

When ordering Footwear by Post, send pencil outline of stockinged foot on paper.

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In Box Calf, finely made and equally suitable for Town or Country wear, Golf etc. Medium and wide fittings. Sizes 5½ to 12. Also in Tan Willow Calf, same sizes. **70/-**

Stout Aluminium Trees to fit. Per pair, **6/11**
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Ciro Pearls

WAS CONVEYED TO US IN A RECENT LETTER RECEIVED FROM A CLIENT, viz:

"I RECEIVED per registered post this morning the Ciro Pearl Necklace in good order. To say that I am extremely pleased with it and the person to whom it was presented delighted also, is but small praise. The colouring is certainly marvellous. The manner in which I was dealt with was extremely prompt and I can safely say it is a pleasurable change to be able to write you for such excellent services as I have received in these days of 'take it or leave it.'"

THE original of this exceptional testimonial can be seen at our offices by any interested reader.

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Upon receipt of One Guinea we will send you on approval a Necklace of Ciro Pearls, 16in. long (Gold Clasp 2/- extra, and other lengths at proportionate rates), or a Ring, Brooch, Earrings, or any other Jewel with Ciro Pearls.

Put them beside any real pearls, or other artificial pearls, and if they are not equal to the real or superior to the other artificial pearls, no matter what their price may be, we will refund your money if you return them to us within seven days.

Our new booklet No. 16 contains designs of all our new jewels mounted with Ciro Pearls (sent post free).



No. 1. Necklace of Ciro Pearls 16in. long ... £1. 1. 0.

Longer lengths at proportionate rates.

CIRO PEARLS Ltd. (Dept. No. 16), 39, Old Bond Street, W. 1 (Piccadilly end). We have no shop. Our showrooms are on the first floor, over Lloyd's Bank.

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Whatever your figure—no stretching—no undue tightness at ankles or wrists (where chill first strikes). There are three lengths of sleeve and leg in YOUR SIZE, and a properly fitting outfit of CUTUNA Underwear will protect you all through the vagaries of our Winter weather.

CUTUNA IS THE MOST COMFORTABLE.

It is the softest and most comfortable Underwear you can buy. All the wool used is extra long-staple, the fleeciest, warmest and softest produced. CUTUNA cannot cause you the slightest skin irritation. It is woven to the shape of the body—not sewn like a sack.

WHERE TO BUY CUTUNA UNDERWEAR.

You can buy CUTUNA at all Horne Brothers' Men's Wear Shops throughout London (see addresses below). We guarantee CUTUNA to be unshrinkable. If any garment marked CUTUNA fails to give entire satisfaction we will refund your money in full.

A POPULAR GRADE OF CUTUNA.

No. 294.—All pure long-staple wool, shaped to the figure, and soft as silk. It is a heavy winter-weight, sold to-day (in consequence of our early buying) at the moderate price of 21s. per garment. Other CUTUNA prices are 10/6, 12/6, and the "de Luxe" at 38/6 per garment.

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90-92, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1

24-25, King William Street, E.C.
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28-29, Coventry St., Haymarket, W.
97, Gracechurch Street, E.C.
421-422, Strand, W.C.
105, Bishopsgate, E.C.
56, Fenchurch Street, E.C.
388, Strand, W.C.
50, Newgate St., E.C.
36, Cheapside, E.C.
81-83, Fleet St., E.C.



TATCHO-TONE—THE HAIR RESTORER is Tatcho the Hair Grower's ally. It promptly disposes of all appearance of greyness. It transforms grey or faded hair to its former natural tone forthwith and in one application.

With Tatcho-Tone there is no passing through progressive stages of neutral tints. Tatcho-Tone has just to be combed through the grey strands and the natural colour—brown, dark-brown, light-brown or black, with its natural vigour and lustre, is brought back. The hair is much improved by the application and is always washable.

If it is thought desirable, a test for colour with Tatcho-Tone may very well be made on a strand of combings. For this purpose a trial phial may be had post free in plain envelope on sending 8d. in stamps to the Tatcho-Tone Laboratories, The George R. Sims Hair Restorer Company, 5, Great Queen St., W.C.

TATCHO

TATCHO-TONE

THE HAIR GROWER, price 2/9 & 4/6.

THE HAIR RESTORER, price 4/6.

These two separate dressing-table preparations are supplied by Chemists and Stores everywhere.



50
for
3/8

20 for 1/6
100 for 7/3

The elimination of dust ensures that cool, smooth smoking that is characteristic of Pall Malls. Under the personal supervision of one of the greatest experts they are made for particular smokers. Buy a box to-day.

C A U T I O N . — R o t h m a n ' s P a l l M a l l C i g a r e t t e s n o t b a r r i n g t h e " D u k e o f Y o r k ' s C o l u m n " T r a d e M a r k o n b o x t i d , a s a b o v e , a r e C a n t e e n S t o c k , a n d s h o u l d b e b o u g h t w i t h c a u t i o n . T h e y h a v e b e e n o u t o f o u r h a n d s s o l o n g t h a t w e c a n n o t g u a r a n t e e t h e i r c o n d i t i o n .

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Face Value!

Have you ever undergone that scrutiny? With clean linen, polished boots, and a good shave with COLGATE'S, you are above reproach.

The quick, plentiful and softening lather of Colgate's Shaving Stick makes shaving a daily pleasure.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores in handsome nickel box, price 1/3
COLGATE & CO., 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1
(Established 1806)

**COLGATE'S
SHAVING STICK**
(Makers of the famous Ribbon Dental Cream.)

THE CULT OF THE POSTAGE STAMP.

BY FRED J. MELVILLE.

SWEDEN is to the forefront with a series of new stamps this week. First in our group of illustrations is one of the special stamps issued for use on the letters and postcards sent by the Malmö-Copenhagen-Hamburg-Amsterdam-London air route. The traffic on this route to London started on Sept. 19, and a registered letter posted at Linköping, 200 miles north of Malmö, at two o'clock on the 19th reached me in London on the 21st. The service in the return direction started a day later, but so far no such extensive facilities are offered from London as from Sweden. In addition to the ordinary foreign letter postage, and the registration fee if registration be effected, the rates for air transit from Sweden are—

Letters per 20 grammes. Post-cards.

To Germany, Switzerland, etc. - - -	20 öre	10 öre
To Holland, Belgium, France, Spain, and Portugal -	40 öre	20 öre
To England, U.S.A., and countries mailed via England -	60 öre	30 öre

Up to the present there are only three air-post stamps provided; they consist of the current "official" stamps of Sweden overprinted "Luftpost" (air-post), and surcharged with new values 10 öre, 20 öre, and 50 öre. As these do not quite meet all the requirements of the air-post tariff, some additional values may be issued later.

The general issue of Swedish stamps is being super-

seded by a new set in three designs; two of the values show the heraldic lion of Sweden, three of them portray the present Sovereign, Gustavus V., and one other (the 40 öre) bears the Royal Postal Department's device of the post-horn surmounted by a royal crown.

The last of the group of stamps illustrated has just been issued in Sweden to commemorate the tercentenary of the Swedish Postal Department, which

Gustavus II., Queen Christina, who earned the reputation of being the "Swedish Pallas."

All the stamps illustrated (except the aerial-post stamp) are only perforated at the sides; the top and bottom, it will be noted in each case, is imperforate. This is explained by the fact that the stamps are not now issued in sheets, but in coils for use in automatic stamp-vending and affixing machines. To separate the stamps from the coils the perforation is only required in the one direction.

Messrs. Lever Brothers, Ltd., have issued a prospectus which is arousing great interest. The security offered is 8 per cent. Cumulative "A" Preference Shares, part of a total issue of £40,000,000, ranking as to capital and dividend second only to a similar amount of 7 per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares. The price of issue is par. The subscription list will be closed on or before October 16. The issue is made to provide for capital expenditure incurred in connection with the business of the company and certain associated companies. The Directors call attention to the interim dividend at the rate of 20 per cent. per annum declared on the Ordinary Shares for the half-year ending June 30 last, and state their anticipation that the available profits for the current year will enable them to maintain this rate of Ordinary dividend after making full provision for reserves. The

first dividend on the new shares is payable on January 1 next, and will accrue from the dates of the instalments. From January 1, 1921, the shares will rank equally with shares of the same class already issued. Applications from shareholders and customers will receive special consideration. The present authorised capital of the company is £130,000,000, of which £38,007,609 has been issued and fully paid.



New Swedish Stamps: 1. An aerial post stamp, overprinted "Luftpost" (Air post). 2-7. A new set of general stamps, perforated only at the sides, in three designs—the heraldic lion of Sweden, the present King, Gustavus V., and the Royal Postal Department's posthorn and crown device. 8. Commemorating the tercentenary of the Swedish Postal Department: a stamp bearing the head of Gustavus Adolphus, in whose reign the first regular postal service was established in 1620.

Stamps supplied by Mr. Fred J. Melville, 110, Strand, W.C.2

had its origin in the reign of the famous Gustavus Adolphus, and it is this warlike gentleman whose merry countenance appears on the stamp. It was in the year 1620 that the first regular postal establishment was set up to connect with the traders of Hamburg, but the internal postal service of Sweden was not established for some years later, during the reign of the celebrated but capricious daughter of

L.G. SLOAN'S RUBBER BANDS

Stretch them as far as you want and even then there is something in hand. No weak spots anywhere. Thin little Bands that take the place of string; thick broad bands that have the resistance of rope—and all grades between.

Of Stationers everywhere. Insist on "L. G. Sloan's Rubber Bands," L. G. SLOAN, LTD., The Pen Corner, Kingsway, London, N.W. 1, W.C.2.

SAVOY HOTEL, San Remo.

Most Modern and beautiful Hotel of the Italian Riviera. 150 Rooms. 50 Baths. Elevated position. Extensive view of Sea and Coast. Billiards, Garage. Beautiful Garden. Afternoon Tea. Orchestra (Nov.-April). EZIO RICCHINI, Manager. E. BRETT, 72, Cecile Park, London, N.8. London Representative.

A DRYAD WORK-BASKET AS XMAS GIFT WELL MADE WITH A PLEASING SILK LINING. Diameter about 12 inches. Price 20/- carriage paid. For other designs write Dryad Works B Dept. Leicester.

Post it to Pullars

We pay return postage

No smart man can afford to wear a shabby Suit or Overcoat. At a trifling cost his garments can be made spick and span, cleaned and repaired and ready for wear. Send to any Pullar Branch or Agency, or post direct to PULLARS'

Cleaners & Dyers Perth

SCHRADER UNIVERSAL TYRE VALVE

INCOMPARABLY THE BEST!



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6-8 EARL ST. LONDON SW1
MANUFACTURERS OF THE
SCHRADER UNIVERSAL
TYRE PRESSURE GAUGE.

Hindes HAIR TINT for Grey or Faded Hair

Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark-brown, light-brown, or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not burn the hair. It is used by over three-quarters of a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. It costs 2/6 the flask. Chemists and Stores everywhere, or direct—

HINDES, LTD., 1, Tabernacle Street, City, London. Send a post card to-day for a copy of "Aids to the Boudoir." It will be mailed to you entirely free of charge.

THE BRITISH BERKEFELD FILTER

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THE PLAYHOUSES.—[Continued from page 614.]

"THE NAUGHTY PRINCESS." AT THE ADELPHI.
There are all the signs to suggest that "The Naughty Princess" will prove as great a success in opéra bouffe as "The Merry Widow"; and if first-night auguries are fulfilled the cause of success will be the same—the combination of music which has some genuine pretensions to style with an actress as heroine attractive alike in personality and in voice. The English adapter, Mr. Hastings Turner, occupies an act in suggesting a Ruritanian atmosphere for his Princess before the piece warms up. It is not until the characters are transferred from Court to Paris, and Sophia takes her立足 at the Quat'z Arts ball, that the playgoer is carried off his feet. Thrown into her part at very short notice, Miss Lily St. John proves her right to act as leader of these revels, singing a waltz-song with delightful verve, and atoning for any naughtiness in the Princess by the charm of youth and an untiring vivacity. Miss Yvonne Arnaud and Miss Amy Augarde both do wonders with their rôles, and Mr. W. H. Berry is going to be very laughable as a Ruritanian monarch. And if M. Morton is not too well off at present for opportunities, and Mr. George Grossmith has cast himself for a character—sentimental lover, if you please—more often off than on the stage; why, there is M. Cuvillier's music to fall back upon with its ripple of melody and its telling orchestration and humour.

"GRAND GUIGNOL" CHANGES. AT THE LITTLE.
There have been changes in the Grand Guignol programme at the Little Theatre. The revue "Oh, Hell!" has been brightened up, notably by interpolations in which the members of the cast travesty their more serious efforts of the evening; one of the pieces has been dropped; and a new "thrill" and a new "screamer" have been added. The new "thrill," "The Medium," in which a model in a trance brings about the discovery of a studio crime, compares poorly with the banquet of horrors already provided in "The Hand of Death"; but Mr. Maltby's trifle, "What Did Her Husband Say?" is a little gem of light comedy. Here we are shown a sailor's wife who has a few hours previously seen her husband off to his ship giving temporary house-room to an officer caught in a shower and drying his clothes before the fire. But the husband returns in merry and talkative mood, and it is some time before the officer, shivering in strange pyjamas in the spare cupboard, can retrieve his clothes; then his trousers are perceived to be blue in colour. Miss Dorothy Minto, Mr. Jack Farquhar, and Mr. Fred Eastman act in this gay little piece with refreshing humour, while in the rest of the programme Miss Sybil Thorne still challenges admiration by her versatility.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

M F J CREWELL (Tulse Hill).—You are quite right; we read your move as P to Q B 5th; but, in any case, the short mate is, in our opinion, quite immaterial.

T W R LEISTIKOW (Felsted).—Thanks for problem, which shall have our attention.

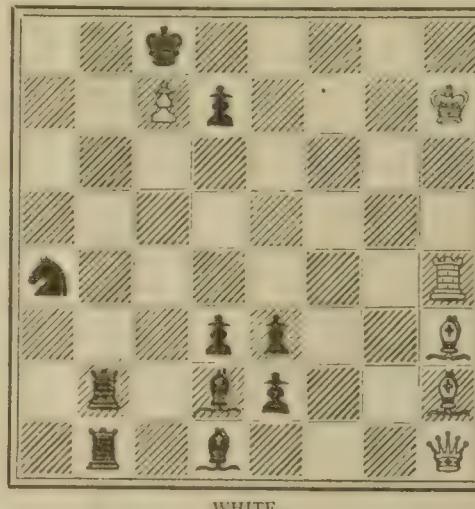
ERNEST ROBINS (Bexhill).—Your problem is hardly up to our standard. The promotion of a Pawn to a Knight needs to be made part of a very complex solution to be of value.

HENRY JACKSON (Surbiton).—It is a long time to refer back; but we will take an early opportunity of looking through the files. If we can find anything, a further reply will be given.

P R T (Nottingham).—The matter admits of no dispute. You must move the piece you have touched.

PROBLEM No. 3846.—BY A. M. SPARKE.

BLACK.



WHITE.
Black to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3846.—BY H. F. L. MEYER.

WHITE	BLACK
1. Kt to B 8th	Any move
2. Kt to Q 7th	Any move
3. Kt mates.	

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3841 received from P N Banerji (Dhar, India); of No. 3842 from J B Camara (Funchal), P N Banerji, Henry A Seller (Denver), and M Merwin Eells (South Milwaukee); of No. 3843 from Henry A Seller and J B Camara; of No. 3844 from E J Gibbs (East Ham), M J F Crewell (Tulse Hill), C A P, A B Wynne-Willson (Hereford), A V Markwell, J B Camara (Funchal), P W Hunt (Bridgwater), and C H Watson (Masham).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 3842 received from J S Forbes (Brighton), H Grasett Baldwin (Farnham), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), and A H H (Bath).

CHESS IN SCOTLAND.

Game played in the Championship Tournament of the British Chess Federation at Edinburgh, between Mr. WENMAN and Sir G. A. THOMAS.

(Queen's Pawn Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Sir G. A. T.)	WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Sir G. A. T.)
1. P to Q 4th	Kt to K B 3rd		
2. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K 3rd		
3. P to K 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd		
4. B to Q 3rd	B to Kt 2nd		
5. Q Kt to Q 2nd	P to Q 4th		
6. Castles	B to Q 3rd		
7. P to Q Kt 3rd	Kt to K 5th		
8. B to Kt 2nd	Castles		
9. P to Q R 3rd	P to Q R 4th		
10. Q to K 2nd	Q to K 2nd		
11. B takes Kt			

Presumably what problem composers call a waiting move, but here time admits of no such luxury. Immediate steps of defence are imperative.

12. P to R 3rd	
13. P to Kt 3rd	K to R 2nd
14. B to B 3rd	P takes P

Black has planned and opened his attack without much ostentation, but now he begins to push it home with undeniable energy. His pieces have an admirably clear field of operations before them.

15. K to R sq	Q to K sq
16. Q R to Kt sq	Kt P takes P
17. Kt P takes P	B takes P

A perfectly sound sacrifice, leaving White with absolutely no choice, and the position of his King is now indefensible.

18. P takes B	P takes P
19. B takes P	R takes B
20. R takes R	R takes R
21. Kt to K 3rd	R to Q 6th
22. K to Kt sq	Q to Q sq
23. Kt P takes P	Q to Q 5th
24. K to B 2nd	P to K 4th
25. R takes R	P takes R

White resigns.

The annual report of the Directors of W. H. Dorman and Co., Ltd., Stafford, for the year ending July 31, has just been issued, and, in spite of the eighteen weeks' moulders' strike which came within the period, and during which, in common with most engineering firms, the works were only partially employed, shows a very satisfactory state of affairs. The nett profits for the year, after providing for all working expenses, Excess Profits Duty, and Corporation Profits Tax, are £72,980. To this figure must be added the amount brought forward from the previous year less the amount of Excess Profits Duty payable to July 31, 1919, bringing the total up to £100,356. Very considerable interest has been aroused of late in the development of the firm. The Wave Transmission Tools, with which Dorman's name is associated, have been practically demonstrated during the last few weeks, and are now being put on the market. They will solve many problems associated with the Mining, Shipbuilding, and many other industries.

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PREMATURE OLD AGE

PROF. FLEURY, in the course of a communication to his colleagues, described some of the symptoms of premature old age, viz., dyspepsia, constipation, lassitude, insomnia at night and drowsiness during the day, numbness at the back of the neck, headache, cramp, obesity, heart trouble, sudden rise followed by rapid fall of temperature, kidney trouble, loss of memory, lack of determination in action, and general want of tone, &c.

He stated that close investigation had shown that in 82 per cent. of such cases there was a marked excess of uric acid, this being quite sufficient to cause a man to look prematurely aged. It is, however, consoling to know that this mischievous body poison can be easily and rapidly dissolved and eliminated by the powerful uric acid solvent called URODONAL.

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Forthcoming Motor Regulations. It is foreshadowed that when the new taxation provisions become effective in the New Year a number of absolutely vexatious and unnecessary regulations are to accompany the inordinately heavy taxes to which the motor vehicle is to be subjected. When the tax is paid, the car owner is, I understand, to have issued to him a card of distinctive colour, together with a metal holder, which is to be displayed in a "conspicuous position" in the car in order that any prying official may be free to climb all over the vehicle in order to see whether the tax has been paid and the car properly registered. Further, there is to be a "registration book" in which all changes of ownership are entered, and this will have to be carried on the car and produced, presumably, to any policeman or Excise officer who feels inclined to ask for it. The driving licence will, as now, also have to be carried and produced when demanded by a policeman in uniform.

My own personal opinion of it all is that if the motor-car owner will stand this sort of Prussianism he will stand anything, and will deserve all and more that the upstart Ministry of Transport likes to inflict upon him. Why the mere fact that a person is progressive enough to use the most up-to-date form of transport should stamp him as being a potential criminal, who must be docketted and tagged beyond the possibility of his evading identification in his criminality, passes the comprehension of the ordinary plain citizen. The question is: How is this sort of thing to be stopped? The Motor Legislation Committee has passed a series of very moderately-worded resolutions, pointing out the utter futility and vexatious character of the proposed new regulations. The Committee points out that they constitute an unwarrantable interference with the liberty of the subject, and would only increase the cost of administration with no advantage to the police, the registration authority, or the public.

A Quite Possible Reason. It will be observed that the Motor Legislation Committee emphasises that the cost of administration would be increased. It does not,

"officers," whose duties, presumably, will be to rove about the country attempting to catch the unwary motorist who has not paid his taxes, or who is not carrying his licence tag in the "conspicuous place" I have already referred to. These officials will all have to be paid out of public funds, and will thus be an extra charge on an already overburdened community. It really looks as though the Ministry of Transport, having engaged a horde of bureaucrats for the "co-ordination" of transport, and having failed egregiously in everything it has touched, is now hard put to it to find employment for them. Hence this new attempt to create a new class of official spies.

I do not like to advocate active resistance to laws or regulations when once they are in being. It does seem clear, however, that in this case the motor-using part of the community would be fully justified in saying *en masse* that, if the Ministry of Transport insists in pursuing its latest foolishness, the regulations will not be obeyed. I is not as though the present safeguards against fraud on the Revenue were not adequate. No one could evade payment of his taxes. At least, I have never heard of anyone who could, and, after all, the Ministry can ask for nothing more than the prevention of fraud. To impose a system of the kind contemplated will not improve in any way on the existing machinery and will cause endless vexation to the victims.

There can be no particular objection to any kind of certificate of registration the Ministry deems expedient. The trouble comes when it is required to be hung up like a picture for all to see. It would be quite sufficient if it were required to be produced on demand by an authorised Revenue officer, or, alternatively, within a reasonable time.

A Fine British Car.

Last week I was given an extended trial of one of the new Armstrong-Siddeley cars. The test took the form of a journey from London to Coventry, where the works in which the car is produced were inspected, and back to town. At once the most and the least

(Continued overleaf).

TO BE SEEN FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THIS COUNTRY AT THE OLYMPIA SHOW: THE POWER AND TRANSMISSION UNIT OF THE PACKARD "SINGLE SIX" CAR.

however, point to the fact—I believe it is a fact—that the Ministry of Transport actually proposes to appoint a set of officials, to be known as "taxation

officers," whose duties, presumably, will be to rove about the country attempting to catch the unwary motorist who has not paid his taxes, or who is not carrying his licence tag in the "conspicuous place" I have already referred to. These officials will all have to be paid out of public funds, and will thus be an extra charge on an already overburdened community. It really looks as though the Ministry of Transport, having engaged a horde of bureaucrats for the "co-ordination" of transport, and having failed egregiously in everything it has touched, is now hard put to it to find employment for them. Hence this new attempt to create a new class of official spies.

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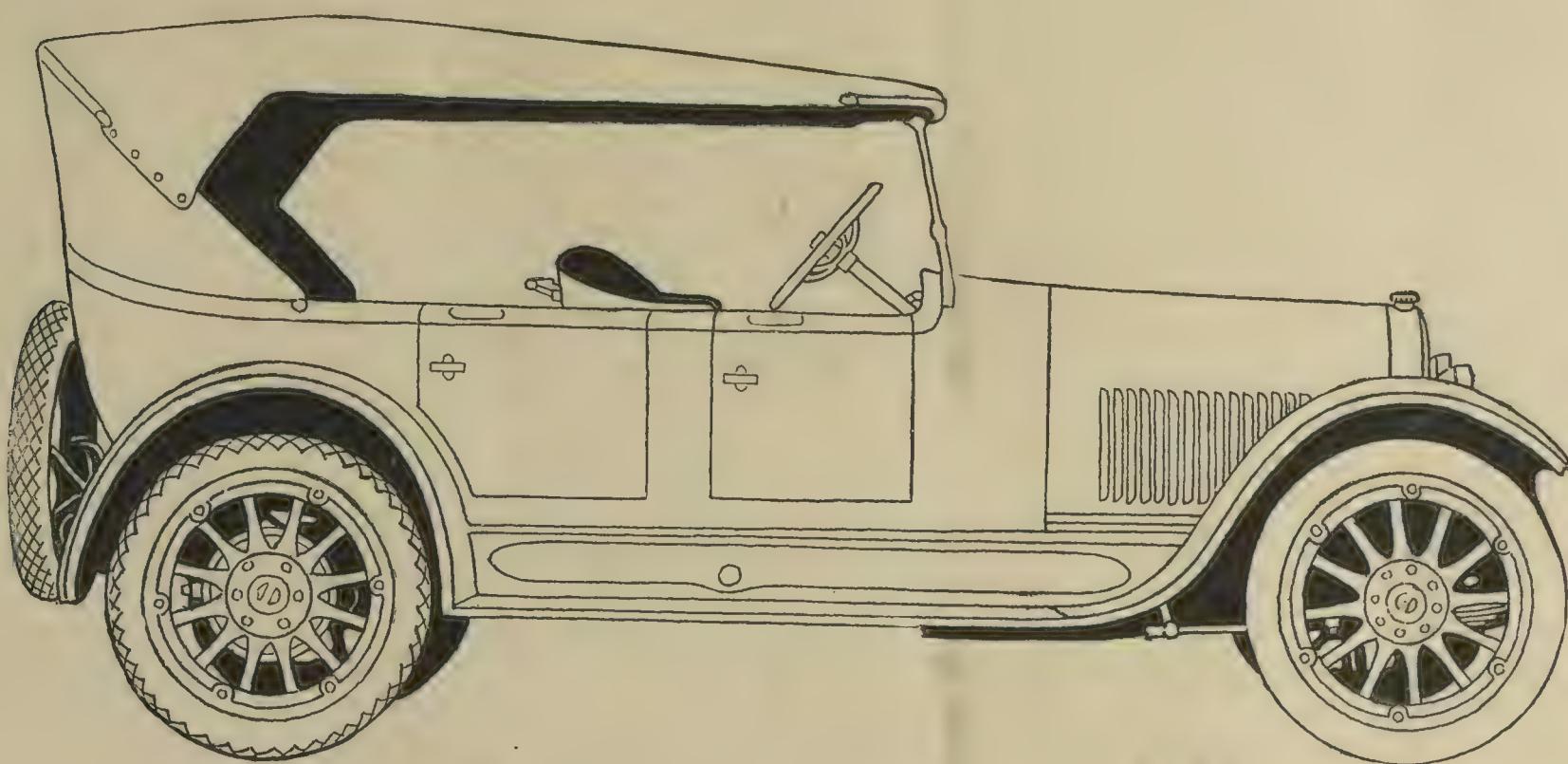
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SILVER CUP	For winning open all-comers event at Hampshire Automobile Club Hill Climb, also
SILVER CUP	For fastest time of the day.
THIRD	Lightning Short Handicap, August Bank Holiday Meeting, Brooklands.
THIRD	Essex Short Handicap, Brooklands.

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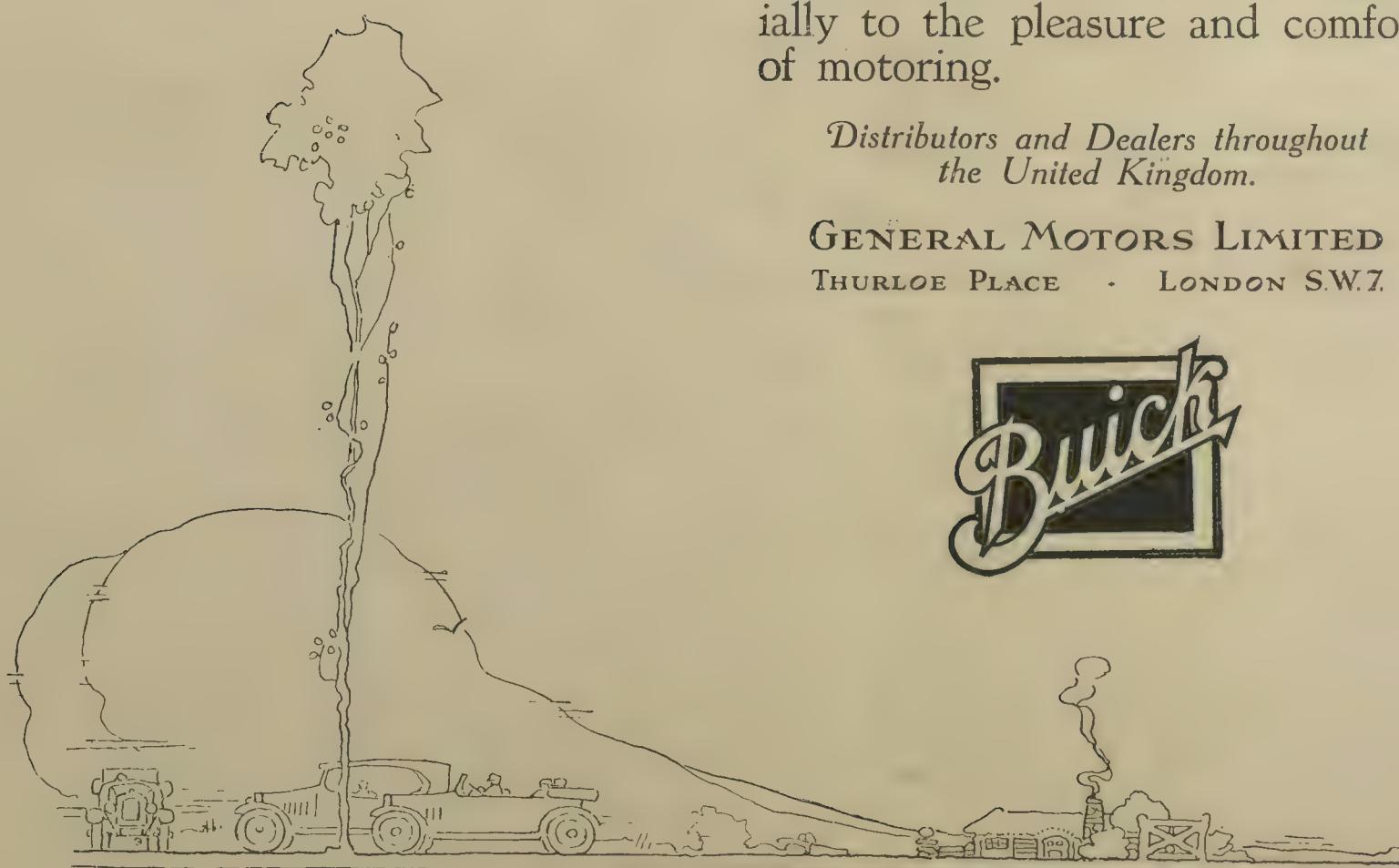
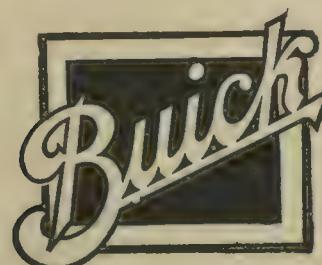
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Continued. that can be said about the car itself is that I have no criticism to make of its behaviour and general running. It is quite fast for its power—a trifle over 60 m.p.h. seems to be its maximum speed, while at 40 it is at its best. Engine and transmission are quite silent. The suspension is exceedingly good, and over bad roads the car rides beautifully. In fact, as I have said, there is nothing with which the most fastidious critic could find fault.

The works organisation is about the best I have ever seen in the country. Of course, the Armstrong-Siddeley Company is in the happy position of possessing a huge factory, built on the most modern plans during the war for the construction of aero-motors on a plant admirably adapted for chassis building, and are thus at an advantage compared with others that might be mentioned. At the same time, it is no use having buildings and plant if the organisation is bad. In this case it is far from that, and one cannot but be struck by the easy progression from raw material to finished state which is characteristic of Armstrong-Siddeley production. Not only is the car a very fine vehicle, but it is what one may call a manufacturing proposition from beginning to end. With average good fortune I think the mark will go very far.

Cars at Auction. In more than one way the purchase of cars at auction sales is an unsatisfactory business. I have known real bargains to be picked up at these sales, but, as a general rule, the purchaser is lucky if he does not get an absolute "dud." The utmost one can get in the way of warranty is that the car is in "running order," which simply means that the vehicle is capable of being moved under its own power—and every practical motorist knows how much that is worth. Then the conditions of sale, as a rule, expressly state that the car is sold "with all faults and errors of description," so that the last vestige of remedy for the purchaser is taken away beforehand. There is undoubtedly a place in the scheme of things for a car auction saleroom on more advanced lines than any hitherto existing, and I am glad to know that such a concern is being inaugurated. Auto-Auctions, Ltd., have established a saleroom in Earl Street, Westminster, at which only approved cars are accepted for sale. Preliminary to sale, every car is subjected to a test on a hilly road and a written guarantee given that this test has been carried out, and that the car ran satisfactorily. There are other attractive features of the firm's manner of conducting its business, but these are not germane to the principal issue, that the

purchaser can know just as well what he is buying as though he bought from an ordinary show-room. I know the people who are behind the enterprise, and am quite certain that what they promise they will perform. The purchaser can be assured that he will receive a square deal from them. W. W.

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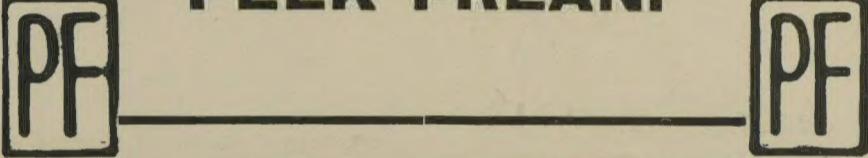


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